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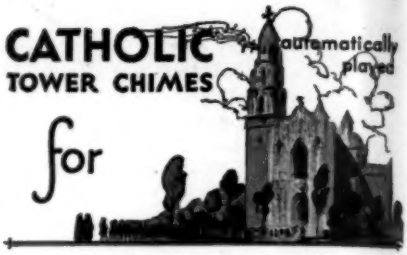

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

NOVEMBER, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WAR IS ON, REASON IS OFF

WHEN war commences the first victim to fall is Logic. The second is Ethics. *Inter arma silent leges*, says the old Roman maxim, "When war is on, the Law is off." The word *"leges"* includes the laws of thought. Also the laws of morals.

The Murder of Logic and of Ethics

Law, reason, right, truth, common sense, straight thinking, all perish when the first javelin is flung or the first rifle fired.

Evidences? The newspapers are full of them. I started to make a collection in the month of September when rumors of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict grew loud, but before October my collection covered the desk, piled up on the floor and flowed out over the window-sills. At least it would have done so if I had not stopped collecting.

Perhaps I may present a few samples. Exhibit A is from the column of Arthur Brisbane in the Hearst papers. In this country he needs no introduction, but for the sake of readers abroad it may be well to explain that Brisbane is paid the highest salary in American journalism, and that his syndicated column entitled "Today" is said to have millions of readers. The journals in which it appears are labeled "A Paper for People who Think." I present Mr. Brisbane:

"Taking over Ethiopia, a land of African barbarism, by Italy need not mean sorrow for the natives. Why weep at the thought of Mussolini taking barbarous Ethiopia? In that country the King and his family wear shoes, but not others. Even the Ethiopian Prime Minister never had a pair of shoes. Mussolini would give the Ethiopians shoes, if they want them, work and wages and teach the ultraviolent tribes that now live on raw hippopotamus meat to eat wholesome macaroni and *rizzoto*. Would such changes in Ethiopia be bad for the human race as a whole?"

One syllable of comment would mar that beautiful specimen of logic, ethics, and unconscious humor. Let it stand.

PERHAPS the most surprising utterance and in view of the reputation of the one who voiced it, the most scandalous utterance on *Il Duce's* contemplated expedition into Africa was that of Colonel George B. McClellan, formerly mayor of New York, author of several scholarly works on history. *"Il Duce,"* says the Colonel, "must have colonies, and I have no doubt that Italy will make a white man's country of Ethiopia. Ethiopia is a larger country than Italy and could easily absorb great numbers of Italian colonists. British warships in the Mediterranean will not deter Mussolini. *Il Duce* will go ahead undisturbed; he can lead the Italian people wherever he likes."

Scrambled Arguments

And so on: not a word about justice or right. Apparently the ethical problem hasn't entered the Colonel's head. Does he think morality too trifling a matter to mention?

Colonel McClellan—perhaps it is well to add—was made Commander of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his work as an historian.

A CERTAIN William Simpson had written to the New York *World-Telegram* attacking Mussolini. A Mr. Cimino, graduate in pharmacy, retorts: "A Nordic of the species of Mr. Simpson cannot and will not comprehend the true genius and sincere devotion of a man like Mussolini, especially when he is trying to free the Italians from stupid, ignorant imbeciles." The pharmacist does not stop to name the imbeciles. He runs on: "I would like the gentleman to know that the very continent he stands upon bears an Italian name, America, and that the laws by which he is governed have Roman origin. Not forgetting, of course, that the bath and the use of spoon and fork are Italian ideas given to barbaric races after fierce conquest of the center of civilization."

Brisbane mentions shoes, macaroni and *rizzoto*. Mr. Cimino thinks the emphasis should be laid upon spoons and forks and baths. Neither Mr. Brisbane nor Mr. Cimino mentions bullets, bayonets, T.N.T. and poison gas. Are not these also benefits of civilization? Or at least instruments for the conveyance of benefits?

Frenzied Ethics

Another correspondent, Sandro Bianchi, eschewing all irrelevancies, comes directly to the heart of the logic of war. "I would be grateful to Mr. Simpson," he says with bellicose intent, "if he would give me an opportunity of meeting him." The argument is primitive? Yes, but also ultimate. In the last analysis war is made upon that logic. So don't scoff or laugh at Mr. Bianchi, unless you scoff and laugh at Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, Wellington, Napoleon, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander and—the diapason rounding full—Benito Mussolini.

ANOTHER answer to the ill-starred Simpson is signed by Francis V. Lombardo. This gentleman's logic outruns my understanding. In fact to me it seems so profound as to be cryptic. The Ethiopians, says Mr. Lombardo, "originate from Asia and they are the worst enemies of the African race."

What an Asiatic origin has to do with the matter in hand I cannot see. Some one should tell Mr. Lombardo that the Romans came from

Asia. Apparently he has never seen the first line of the greatest poem ever written by a Latin, Vergil's *Æneid*. Any high school boy could chant it for him: *Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.* Æneas came from Troy, says Vergil. Troy is in Asia. So the ancient Romans came from Asia. Also the Lombards for whom Mr. Lombardo is named. In fact we all came from Asia. But wherever we came from we are what we are. Romans and Lombards have been Europeans for ages. The Ethiopians have been Africans for ages. As far as I can make out, therefore, Mr. Lombardo means that Mussolini, a European, is going to save the Africans from the Asiatics by killing off the Africans. Slightly jumbled reasoning, but indicative of the mental plight in which the Mussolinians find themselves.

The Business of Blood

ANOTHER specimen of war-logic comes from an editorial writer, unnamed, who reports that he overheard in a Pullman smoking room this expression: "You can say what you like about war, but it sure does help business." With that sentiment we leave behind the narrow terrain of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and set foot upon a field as wide as the world. We now are considering not this war or that war, but war. War, any war, is good for business. Suppose we complete the argument. A little war will help business a little. A big war will help business more. A world-war will help business most of all. May we, then, for the sake of business, hope that the war will be a good big one and last a long time? In fact, since business slumps between wars, why not keep war going on all the time? Because, says the editorial writer, a cocaine addict finds that exhilaration is followed by despondency. True, but in that case, can we not resort once again to the needle? There is no stimulus to business, to patriotism, to nationalism like a good stiff shot of war. So let's have plenty of war, for business' sake.

OUR friend Brisbane, however, seems not to be persuaded that war is good business. "Thus far," he wrote on October 3d, "the fighting is confined to Italians and Ethiopians on the border fringe. Will England go and set fire to Europe, just as *business was beginning to do nicely in England?*" (His italics.)

Let us see: England and Italy, with some fifty other nations, have signed compacts and concordats to refrain from war as an instrument of policy, "to submit to arbitration any dispute that might disturb international peace," and "to respect and preserve the integrity" of all signatory nations. One of those nations is Ethiopia. A dispute arising between Italy and Ethiopia, Italy after some jockeying, at last refuses to arbitrate, invades Ethiopia and commences the slaughter. In a word she violates her pledges. Now if England makes good her pledge and the result is war in Europe, England is the culprit and Italy is blameless. There is only one adjective fit for such argument. It is "cockeyed," or shall we say for those who abhor the current idiom, "strabismic."

IN the "good old days" kings went to war honestly, promising their subjects an influx of booty with the

return of the armies. Nowadays, in deference to the hypocritical conscience of a world ostensibly more humane, the makers of war protest that they hate to resort to arms but that they have to do so. In the interests of civilization they must destroy slavery or banditry or cannibalism, or something else that is going on in the land which they covet. Japan went into Manchuria to put an end to Chinese banditry. Italy is going into Ethiopia, and for what?

Truth Also Manhandled

Senator Aldo Castellani, introduced with considerable pomp as high commissioner of sanitation for Italy's East African colonies, for many years with the British Colonial and Medical Service, lecturer at the London School of Hygiene, professor at the University of Rome and at Louisiana State University (the educational preserves of the late Huey Long), explains through the Associated Press that *Il Duce* is really aiming at the elimination of tropical diseases from Ethiopia. A medical miracle has already been worked in Eritrea and Somaliland amongst the soldiers and workmen sent out from Italy, but "another task," he says, "awaits us. Owing to the absence of sanitary provisions in Ethiopia, epidemics of various kinds are of frequent occurrence. An epidemic of meningitis seems raging at the present moment in Northern Ethiopia. Present also are typhoid and dysentery."

Cure 'em and Kill 'em

Once again the logic puzzles me. The Ethiopians are dying off with various epidemics. We must go in, says Senator Castellani in effect, to save their lives, and we must save their lives even if we have to kill them. If an Irishman had said this (and he would have said it with a twinkle in his eye) it would be a "bull." When a Senator-Commissioner-Professor says it, it is solemn wisdom.

Dr. Castellani lets the cat out of the bag with his next remark: "When our soldiers go into that sickness-infested region they must be prepared in advance and protected as they go from a danger that is worse than bullets." But why send soldiers in? Why not let medical men do a medical job? Again I am bewildered but I think I understand: the sanitation squad will go in to cure the Ethiopians and when they are cured, the soldiers will kill them. There is no sport in killing sick Ethiopians. Cure them first and kill them afterward.

By the way, there is a discrepancy in the statistics of Italians suffering from African diseases. Senator Castellani on September 18th reported that 150 workmen and 130 soldiers had died. But *Time*, a periodical published in New York, had said on August 19th, "within the last three weeks six Italian transports have gone north through the Canal carrying over 5,000 victims of malaria, dysentery and typhoid from the great adventure before a shot has been fired," and gives as authority official figures prepared by the international directors of the Suez Canal Company. Skeptics will say "some one is lying." But perhaps it is not a lie but another miracle; *non mendacium sed miraculum*. If 5,000 were carried home sick in three weeks and only 280 died in seven weeks, the Senator may chalk that up as miracle number two.

Castellani incautiously wrote in

mid-September: "*When* our troops go in." A trained diplomat would have said "if" not "when." In Geneva at about the same time, Baron Aloisi made a similar slip of the tongue. He told Premier Laval that Mussolini's two sons and his son-in-law were leaving "for the front." "Front!" exclaimed Laval, "if you are already at war why come here to negotiate?" "My use of the word 'front' was a mistake," answered Aloisi. Now whom do these diplomats think they are deceiving, themselves or one another? The answer is "neither." Then why carry on the farce? The world would have had less disdain for the diplomats if they had said, "We want Ethiopia and we are going in to get it; all pretense is off, and all diplomatic word-juggling. We signed the covenants and the pacts, Versailles, Geneva, Locarno, Stresa. But we didn't mean a word of it. Here goes! World opinion go hang!" That wouldn't have been nice, but it would have been honest.

Inexpert Lying

BUT we have not done with our cases. An officer of the American Army Medical Corps, Major Leon A. Fox, is reported to have said, after the outbreak of the war, "I do not believe Italy has any vicious desire to conquer Ethiopia. Italy desires only to grow and develop. I wish to remind those who say we have enough Italians that we have not enough Italians of the type of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Botticelli and Raphael!" The incredible ineptitude of that last remark would seem to justify court-martial if no other way can be devised to prevent an officer's making a fool of himself and of the army. But perhaps some good kind friend could take the Major into a corner and whisper that the question is not whether *we* have enough Italians, but whether Ethiopia must accept more Italians; and that artists and sculptors are not under discussion, but soldiers.

I wonder if Major Fox, as a military man, thinks the Italian expedition with a quarter of a million soldiers and with 10 million reserves, equipped with ultramodern weapons, 10,000 aëroplanes and countless battle tanks, against a disorganized mob of barefooted tribesmen with antiquated muskets in their hands or spears, or clubs—I say does the Major approve of that expedition as a sporting thing? Does he think it a credit to the noble vocation of a soldier? In the days of Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion there was a sense of chivalry in soldiers. Now there seems to be none. It would be interesting to know the opinion of majors, and such, on the ethics of the attack on Ethiopia.

After the capture of Adowa, Haile Selassie complained: "Mr. Mussolini charges us with being barbarians and says he wishes to civilize us. Is the wanton slaughter of women and children by air bombs and machine guns the kind of civilization he wishes to give us? . . .

"We expected that when the Italians began their campaign they would confine their operations to our soldiers. What does the world think of aviators who, when they see helpless women and children fleeing for their lives from the horror of air bombs, deliberately shower them with machine gun bullets from the air? Have gallantry and manliness fled from the world?"

MAJOR FOX must have some standing in his profession, since his address was delivered at the annual meeting of Military Surgeons of the United States. So in deference to his reputation, perhaps we can bear one more brief quotation. "My thesis," he said, "is that all combat is caused by the struggle for food and females. Possibly I should say food and sex because sometimes it is the deadly female that engages in combat." The meaning of this utterance, like that of some of the others we have considered, is not too clear at first sight, but after a little study you may get the hang of it: males fight to get food and females; females fight to get food and males. The soldiers of *Il Duce* therefore are going into Ethiopia for food. But are they also going in to fetch out the Ethiopian wenches? The Romans under Romulus raped the Sabines. Would the Major have us understand that the Romans under Mussolini are after black Sabines?

Why War? For Food and Women!

THE worst sample I have seen of mental and moral aberration in regard to responsibility for this new war comes, I regret to say, from Luigi Pirandello the playwright. He desires that the war be "localized," and, therefore, he adds, "I hope both England and France will refrain from taking steps which may throw on them the dreadful responsibility of a European conflagration by forcing Italy, a former ally, to react accordingly."

There again is mad logic. England and France will be to blame for a conflagration started by Italy. From Pirandello's lips comes not one word about Mussolini, Fascism, Militarism. He goes on to deplore the possibility of broadening the war by a "defense of abstract principles," as if all civilization, all art, all religion, all morality did not depend upon the defense of abstract principles.

I HAVE said that not only logic and ethics and truth and justice, but the sense of humor disappears when war comes. If one could laugh when tragedy is rife, the following extract from a statement by a secretary of Mussolini would tickle the risibilities:

"The bellicose and aggressive spirit developed in Abyssinia among the chieftains and soldiers, who have been demanding action for a long time, constitutes an immediate and direct menace to the Italian troops. This aggression has taken on a volume of importance which manifestly involved more serious immediate danger. In the presence of this situation the Italian government has found itself compelled to authorize the supreme command in Eritrea to take necessary steps in defense."

The only way of dealing with such nonsense is the way adopted by an editorial writer on the New York *World-Telegram*. He retells an ancient story—ancient but appropriate:

"Two medical students dressed up a corpse that had been obtained for laboratory purposes, and one student supporting the dead man on either side, succeeded in reaching a saloon. Leaning the corpse against the bar in a way that indicated extreme drunkenness, one student ordered three thinks. After the two had consumed theirs they pointed at

"He Drew a Knife on Me!"

their friend to indicate that he would pay, and retired.

"The bartender waited a few minutes and seeing no signs of cash forthcoming, reached over and touched the customer on the shoulder. This was repeated two or three times and brought no results. Whereupon the bartender picked up a bungstarter and tapped the visitor on the head so hard that he fell to the floor.

"Whereupon the two companions dashed in, leaned over, and cried—'You've killed him!'

"'Well,' answered the bartender, 'the ——— pulled a knife on me.'"

AS it happens, Mussolini doesn't agree with some of his apologists upon the objectives of the expedition. *Il Duce* is frank enough to say he has the same motive as that earlier *Duce*, Julius Cæsar—the traditional Roman motive, conquest, and booty. He explains that after the World War, in spite of many promises from the allies, "only the crumbs of a rich colonial booty were left for us to pick up." The gangsters double-crossed one of their own. So now he is going in to get his share. Give him credit; ethics or no ethics he makes his motive clear.

IN the present crisis not only diplomats but journalists and editors, some of them I regret to say Catholics have been blind to the main moral issue—is the Italian invasion of Ethiopia justifiable? I have seen at least a score of journals that did not so much as confront the ethical problem. They make comparison of the lying propaganda of 1914-1918 with what they presume to be the lying propaganda of the summer of 1935, they wax wroth about British duplicity, secret treaties, land grabbing, Teddy Roosevelt and the Panama Canal, James K. Polk and Mexico, Lord Clive in India, they dilate upon the cultural preëminence of Italy in the days of the Renaissance, the bravery of the soldiers of Julius Cæsar in Gaul and of Pompey in Asia Minor, they go off into digressions about the "Nordic" myth and the false theory of Latin decay. They present their readers with a vast amount of biological, physiological, historical information. But what has all this to do with the primary ethical question—what conditions are requisite to make war justifiable? What is the doctrine of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Suarez, of contemporary Catholic moralists? Is there no obligation upon an editor or writer or an orator to make these things clear to the people?

These questions lead to another. What residuum can there be in the minds of Catholic publicists of the rigid training in logic imparted in our colleges? We often insist that the Scholastics, medieval and modern, are the only philosophers who accord reason its rightful place. We boast that we Scholastics are swift as a hawk to pounce upon an *ignoratio elenchi* and keen to detect when a fact or an argument is *non ad rem*. But what happens to this alleged superiority in correct thinking when a question arises that stirs our emotions?

Defenders of Right and Reason

It may be too much to expect that when Italy is aflame with war fever a man named Lombardo, or Cardo, or Quaranta, or Cimino or Castellani should be able to exorcise from his mind all nationalistic bias; or that when England takes up the

cudgels, the Churchills, the Baldwins, the Cholmondeleys and the Frothinghams should remain purely and serenely above patriotic prejudice. But is it too much to demand that we Americans, especially we non-Latin non-British Americans, and above all we Catholic Americans should have the intellectual honesty to face the real issue and the courage to say what is right and what is wrong in the light of moral theology?

To a Catholic, ethics takes precedence over politics. Nothing else is worth discussing until the morality or immorality of an action is settled. It is futile and nugatory to talk about India or Panama or Mexico when the real problem is Ethiopia. To lug in instances of unjust aggression of the eighteenth century or the nineteenth, as if ancient crimes were a condonation or a justification of modern crimes, is to lay one's self open to the charge not only of loose thinking but of immoral teaching. To talk of abuses existing in the country to be attacked is to arouse suspicion that one accepts the abominable principle that the end justifies the means.

Again: The Church and War

FATHER STRATMANN in his excellent little treatise *The Church and War* summarizes the teaching of Catholic moralists, notably St. Augustine and St. Thomas, concerning a just war. The fourth condition, in the list of ten, reads, "War shall only be declared when all means to prevent it have failed." Obviously "means" includes arbitration. And since both parties to the present war were members of the League, arbitration should have been conducted particularly through the League. But what happened? Let us look at the chronological sequence.

Dec. 16th. Italy refuses to arbitrate the dispute, demanding an indemnity and apology.

Jan. 19th. Italy and Ethiopia agree to take part in negotiations to settle the dispute.

Feb. 26th. Mussolini warns world Italy could mobilize seven or eight million men "for any eventuality."

March 22d. Italy refuses to accept Ethiopia's appeal for League inquiry.

May 14th. Italy warns other powers to keep hands off.

May 16th. Ethiopia formally offers Italy conciliation.

May 24th. The League Council adopts resolutions, accepted by Mussolini, arranging arbitration and providing for special Council session if settlement is not reached by August 25th.

May 25th. Council adjourns, believing clash averted.

June 6th-7th. Italo-Ethiopian Conciliation Commission meets and adjourns. **Italy Rejects, Declines,**

July 1st. Anthony Eden reveals **Refuses** he has offered strip of British territory as peace gesture.

Aug. 1st. Italy rejects Anglo-French peace formula.

Aug. 3d. Ethiopia, but not Italy, accepts League peace plan.

Aug. 15th. Italy tells Great Britain military occupation of Ethiopia is Italy's minimum demand.

Aug. 23d. Emperor Selassie offers Italy Province of Aussa.

Aug. 26th. Mussolini warns sanctions mean war, threatening to withdraw from League of Nations.

Sept. 4th. Italian delegates leave League Council session, refusing to discuss dispute on equal terms with Ethiopia.

Sept. 7th. Pope Pius expresses hope Italy's Ethiopian "needs" may be satisfied, but with justice and peace.

Sept. 18. The League's proposed peace plan declined by Italy in advance.

Sept. 26th. League Council, acting without Italy, unanimously votes to take action under Article XV. of the Covenant, warning Italy and Ethiopia any hostilities before December 4th automatically will put aggressor in status of committing act of war against all League members.

Oct. 2d. Ethiopia informs the League that Italians have crossed the border.

Oct. 6th. Adowa falls. Twenty to forty thousand Ethiopians reported killed in the advance of the Italian troops.

Oct. 7th. The Committee of Thirteen of the Council declares Italy has illegally resorted to war.

Oct. 7th. "I made my maximum peace effort in a conversation with Baron Pompeo Aloisi and it failed," reports Premier Laval.

It must not be forgotten that during all these futile attempts at arbitration, Italy went steadily forward with preparations for war. As early as February 11th, Mussolini mobilized 250,000 soldiers, called out three classes of sea fighters and ordered 50 aëroplanes to the border of Eritrea and Ethiopia.

On February 18th the first contingent of Italian soldiers, 2,000 in number, boarded ship for Eritrea. From that time onward transportation of troops was continued incessantly. On February 25th Mussolini declared in one of his many bellicose speeches that Italy could mobilize seven or eight million men "for any eventuality."

Italy "declines," "rejects in advance," "warns," "leaves the League session," a hundred times declares that none but military measures will satisfy her and meanwhile mobilizes. The prerequisites to a just war were not observed. According to Catholic ethics the invasion of Ethiopia is unjust.

I HOPE my scorn for the dialectic trickery of alleging England's crimes to distract the mind from the immediate problem will not be taken to mean that I condone England's notorious habit of land-grabbing. I think that in this matter she has been the worst offender in history. She has conquered more worlds than Alexander and what is more, she has held on to them. During the World War there was displayed in Canada a poster of the British Bull Dog astride the world, with the caption "What we have we hold." That's the trouble. The English have and hold so much of the earth's surface that Germany and Italy and Japan, all of whom need room in which to expand, are driven to desperation. Curiously, the English are, as a rule, unable to understand why Europe hates and despises them. Indeed they cannot even see the fact that England is guilty of the very crimes for which she condemned the Kaiser and now condemns *Il Duce*. It is unfortunate that both these gentlemen have declared they wanted "a place in the sun." What they really want is a foothold upon the earth. England could give them, or sell them,

Now About England

or lease to them under some kind of mandate a small share of her vast empire and there would be no war.

But all this is not a justification or even a condonation of Italy's ruthless and murderous adventure. Use different examples and the logic will be clear: if Standard Oil grabs or attempts to grab by fair means or foul all the oil in America, does that justify United States Steel's grabbing all the iron? Jesse James was an outlaw in the nineteenth century. Does that fact lessen John Dillinger's guilt in the twentieth century? Russia led the way in proscribing religion: do we feel on that account less aggrieved when Mexico follows suit? So England's cupidity is no excuse for Italy's rapacity. Those who allege England's crimes to justify Italy's are using, though they don't know it, the "Cain-killed-Abel-go-thou-and-do-likewise" logic.

IN *G. K.'s Weekly* just before the war broke in Ethiopia, Mr. Chesterton speaks of those who, "whether they abuse Abyssinia or abuse Italy, admire England whatever she does." And he reports that "all the conclusions of all the papers have been thick with fumes of self-flattery, and thick with phrases calculated to make any foreigner or any informed native stare. England has never had any trouble with natives, says one simple millionaire; England's word is taken everywhere because it has never been broken, says another (do you feel the *frisson* going through all the Irish millions all round the globe, counting all the tricks since the Treaty of Limerick). England enters the council with clean hands says another, making the gesture of Pontius Pilate."

Such journalistic tripe is more sickening than any bad logic or false ethics that has appeared thus far in the American papers.

Father Joseph Keating, S.J., is, like Chesterton, an Englishman who repudiates the immoral maxim "My country right or wrong!" In his Editorial Comment in *The Month* for September he wrote: "It is the spectacle of the British Commonwealth, comfortably embracing one-quarter of the habitable globe, that makes the warnings and counsels of its statesmen sound so annoying in the ears of Italy. The Haves are considered to be somewhat complacently lecturing the Have-nots!"

Even the London *Times* states the problem honestly: "As an imperial Power, we control vast spaces of empty territory under the eyes of Powers clamoring for space with all the zest and vigor of second youth."

There, then, is the problem, how shall an exchange be effected between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots"? The Pope has answered that question: "any means but war." Mussolini has answered it: "no other means but war."

AS to America's going in or staying out: the President, the Secretary of State Mr. Hull, Senator Nye (our chief Johnny-on-the-spot when foreign entanglements threaten), Senator Borah (quick to speak but slow to act) and dozens of other mentors, official or volunteer, have told us that we just absolutely must be neutral and that in consequence we must take no part in imposing sanctions upon Italy. But at the time these lines are written no one of them has proposed, not to say answered, the key questions: Shall we

And America

decline to ship goods — especially foodstuffs, to Italy? If so, are we neutral? If we do send vessels across the sea with food for Italy and England stops them, shall we turn back meekly? And shall we then be still neutral? By the way, what has happened to the Wilsonian principle of Freedom of the Seas? Have we abandoned it, even as a "talking point"? I wish Mr. Borah and Mr. Nye and Mr. Roosevelt had explained to us as soon as the war-drums rolled, or as soon as the first Italian contingent set foot on a transport to Ethiopia precisely what was to be the policy of the United States. The fact that they didn't and couldn't is one more evidence of the disastrous effect of war upon clarity of thought and of speech.

As the Satirist Sees It

IN the course of a cruelly ironical little piece in the New York *World-Telegram* a staff writer, Westbrook Pegler, says (tongue in cheek) that he is "beginning to believe that the Italians, after all, do have a mission to carry the light of civilization to the primitive brothers of a backward country." For, he says, "Haile Selassie, who has the effrontery to call himself the King of Kings, sat on a musical-comedy throne, wearing a golden collar and a Graustark golden sword, and fanatical warriors groveled in the mud before him, promising to die for him if need be. Priests were observed among the troops, wily fakers, who practice primitive rites and lead the soldiers to believe that they are able to intercede for them with God. From all this it becomes apparent that the Ethiopians are in need of civilization. They are being imposed upon in their ignorance, and it seems to be the duty of the civilized peoples to enlighten them for their own good so that they can be like us."

This bitter ironist explains that Haile Selassie's claim to have his appointment from God is manifestly absurd because his subjects go about in nightshirts and even his uniformed troops are barefoot. Furthermore, they grovel in the mud before him and pledge their lives to the defense of his kingdom. "Warriors should never grovel in the mud and pledge away their lives to their monarch. It is another thing when the civilized general kneels on a plush cushion before a genuine regal throne to be touched on the shoulder with the flat of the king's blade and dubbed Sir Knight, consecrating his life to the destruction of the king's enemies and the propagation of civilization in the dark countries."

Wicked satire this, and there are those who will find it bitter to the taste, but who will dare say that we don't deserve it?

Evidently we are once again in a horrible mess. What can we do about it? We can at least be honest, face facts, tell the truth. That course of action has never been tried in diplomacy. Hence the mess. If we, the people, try it, we may ultimately persuade the diplomats to adopt it. That moment civilization will commence.

BELGIAN CATHOLICS AND THE LAND

By Eva J. Ross

CATHOLIC agricultural achievement in Belgium is extremely impressive. Belgium has an area less than that of the State of Maryland, and with the exception of the Hesbaye district its land is very poor. It has a population of over eight millions, that is, nearly seven hundred persons per square mile (compared to one hundred and thirty-two inhabitants per square mile in Maryland) and it is a highly industrialized country. Yet contrary to one's expectations, agriculture is more important in the Belgian national economy than any other industry, and the country is famous for its horse and cattle breeding and its market gardening; large quantities of meat, fruit, vegetables, eggs and dairy produce are exported annually as well as horses and cattle.

These facts are the more surprising when one remembers that in the eighty's of last century, and for many years prior to that time, the situation of the Belgian farmers was seemingly hopeless. American and Australian grain had taken the profit out of their wheat growing; rents were high; the farmers themselves were hardworking and frugal, but they were not only ignorant of scientific inventions in machinery and artificial manures, but suspicious of innovations; they lacked initiative, and completely denied by their individualistic conduct the well-known saying that "as soon as two Belgians meet, a new society is immediately founded."

The change from this picture to the present importance and notable success of Belgian agriculture has been chiefly due, first, to the excellent agricultural instruction throughout the land, and, secondly, to the widespread and successful agricultural coöperative societies. There is in Belgium a nation-wide network of coöperatives which covers all possible agricultural needs which can in any way be satisfied by coöperation. Throughout the country there are ample facilities for coöperative purchasing and marketing, and for insurance of all kinds. Credit banks provide for the investment of the farmer's savings, and for his long and short term credit requirements. Moreover, these coöperatives provide for many of the religious and social needs of the farmer, and his wife and children. They organize retreats and special sermons for them, and provide a certain amount of recreation. They furnish experts to inspect farms and to give advice. They publish newspapers, journals, and other literature. They organize study clubs, conferences, vacation schools, special technical instruction, and in many other ways help to improve the cultural and technical knowledge of the members.

The Catholic political party, which has been continuously in power from 1884 to the present time, and the Catholic clergy, are the two agencies which are responsible for this development. Particularly the credit for the tre-

mendous advancement of the last fifty years is due to the efforts of the *Belgische Boerenbond*, or Union of Belgian Peasants, sponsored by the Catholic clergy.

In the course of its long term in office, the Catholic political party has especially favored agriculture. It established a moderate protectionist policy in place of the former free trade; it opened up agricultural high schools and colleges, and model farms and experimental stations; it issued admirable pamphlets on agricultural technique at extremely moderate prices; it established the cheapest and best network of railroads in the world, to help the part-time farmer and the industrial worker who wished to live in the country; it indemnified farmers for cattle losses through pestilence; it gave large subsidies to agricultural associations; it passed laws for the provision of cheap insurance, housing, and credit facilities. Yet all this work is in large measure due to the Boerenbond. The rival political parties are the Socialists and the Liberals, and these have their strongholds in the towns. Some of the Liberals are Catholics, but most of the Catholics belong to the Catholic Party. The farming population is predominantly of the Catholic faith, and if the Boerenbond and the farmers generally were pleased with the Catholic Party, the return of this party to power was almost inevitable. So the Annual Reports of the Boerenbond show the various measures which it urged the government to adopt. But the Boerenbond did not wield its voting power to the country's detriment. Far from it. It provided the government with ideas as to where its help was most needed for the good of the country as a whole. The resultant prosperity proved the worth of its advice.

A brief outline of the history and work of the Boerenbond may prove not uninteresting. In the eighty's of last century there lived in Goor a parish priest, M. l'Abbé Mellaerts. His parish was a small commune of 1,600 souls, with not a single rich proprietor among them. Abbé Mellaerts saw that his parishioners were being cheated both by the people from whom they bought their supplies, and by the middlemen to whom they sold their produce. He realized that not only were they obstinately retaining the older and less productive methods, but that they had no credit facilities to help them buy much needed up-to-date equipment, and they were not covered by insurance to protect them against losses due to the vagaries of the weather. Being himself the son of a farmer, he cultivated an experimental plot of land and demonstrated that fertilizers did not necessarily have to be malodorous to improve one's crop! It was many years before he could persuade his obstinate flock of the wisdom of the use of artificial manures. Then, accounts of the successes of German peasant coöperatives in the Rhineland convinced Abbé Mellaerts that coöperation was essential if the Belgian farmer was not to be doomed to a perpetual state of economic misery. In 1887 he finally induced a few of the members of his branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to form a little coöperative guild in Goor. The guild made collective purchases of cattle foodstuffs, machinery, farm implements, and artificial manures, with resultant cheaper prices to the

members. There were monthly meetings, when Abbé Mellaerts gave instruction in modern agricultural technique. At the end of a year a flourishing coöperative society already existed.

Then the Abbé's health broke down, and he had to go into enforced retirement in Louvain. Good came out of the seeming evil. At the Congress of Malines, held in 1889, one of the series of Belgian Catholic social congresses, Abbé Mellaerts told of his parish guild at Goor. The Congress passed a resolution to develop similar institutions, and immediately Abbé Mellaerts set about to draw up the statutes of an association which would fit in with his dreams. On June 20, 1890, a meeting of peasant farmers was called at the Maison des Métiers in Louvain. There Abbé Mellaerts and Messieurs Helleputte and Schollaerts, the other two founders of the Boerenbond, detailed their plans. The statutes were approved, and a resolution was passed to found agricultural guilds similar to the one at Goor, with a federation or league of peasants (the Boerenbond) to which the local associations would belong.

In August, 1890, the three promoters issued a manifesto to call attention to the newly founded league and the advantages which it had to offer. The Congress of Liége of 1890 also brought it to the attention of the public. The clergy enthusiastically took part in the movement, for there were hundreds of parishes similar to the one at Goor, and from that time forward agriculture in Belgium came into its own.

So much for the history. Now for a description of the actual situation. The following table shows the growth in numbers of the Boerenbond guilds and of total membership:

Year	*Local Guilds*	*Members*
1890	49	2,280
1900	336	19,000
1910	531	44,522
1919-1920	679	60,264
1930	1,228	127,859
1931	1,228	128,098
1932	1,234	127,122
1933	1,244	121,374
1934	1,247	120,212

Only heads of families are counted as full members, and the Belgian family is large, so if we take an average of five persons to a family, the number of people directly associated with the Boerenbond is shown to be at least 601,000, or about 13% of the total population of the country. The decrease in numbers, after a continual increase up to 1931, is due to a variety of reasons, chiefly the present depression and the growth of other agricultural coöperatives within the past few years.

The most important feature of the whole Boerenbond structure is the guild. This guild is a parochial institution, presided over by the parish priest. It is made up of various sections according to local needs. There are credit bank sections, farm-women's sections, cooperative purchasing and marketing sections, a youth section, a cattle syndicate, a horse and cattle mutual insurance section, a cooperative dairy, a horticulturists' section, and so on. The guild furnishes such general services as social gatherings, educational conferences, joint meetings of all the local sections, retreats, and the like, for which it makes an annual charge of

15 francs per member, which includes a subscription to the weekly journal. Each of the local sections belongs to a corresponding section at the headquarters of the Boerenbond in Louvain. For instance, the local purchase and marketing sections are serviced by the purchase and marketing Comptoir of the Louvain office; the local farm-women's circles are grouped into the League of Farm-women; the rural savings and credit banks form the Central Credit Bank; the youth sections are united in the Federation of Young Peasants; the horticultural sections belong to the Federation of Horticulturists, and so on. Besides housing the separate organizations for each of the federated sections, the Boerenbond headquarters is also a federation of the local guilds, and provides many services for the members as a whole. There is an important technical service at headquarters also. The General Secretariat is the guiding spirit of the whole structure and, through the Inspection Department, keeps in touch with all the manifold activities of the local guilds and their sections.

It is extremely difficult to give an adequate account of the manifold activities of the Boerenbond in one short article.

There is the purchase and marketing section, which does an enormous business. The head office buys fertilizers, cattle food, seed, machinery, etc., at wholesale prices, and sends them out to the 170 odd regional stores, where managers of the local purchasing sections, often the parish priests, purchase the supplies their members need. Some 541,000 tons of fertilizers alone were bought for members in 1934, and sold to them at a considerable saving. The marketing side of the business is also excellently handled. Members are taught to grade their produce. They then deliver it to the regional stores, where it is suitably packed and sent to fill orders in Belgium and abroad, notably England. Sales for members were effected to the amount of 91 million francs in 1934.

The insurance company of the Boerenbond likewise does an enormous business yearly. Total insurance premiums paid during 1934 amounted to nearly 56 million francs.

Then there is the consumers' cooperative company which the Boerenbond took over in 1925, jointly with the League of Christian Workers. This coöperative now runs 652 stores, and sales in 1933-4 amounted to 60 million francs. Members receive back a dividend of 6% on their purchases.

The technical service run from the central Boerenbond office has four divisions: construction, electricity, agricultural machinery, and hydraulics. The technical service delivers building and machinery materials, draws up building plans, and concerns itself with the technical details of draining and clearing of land, which is particularly important for the Belgian farmer. It also gives advice and information whenever asked.

The Central Credit Bank groups over one thousand local credit banks or sections, and since the total of credit banks in Belgium is only about fifteen hundred, the importance of the Boerenbond work in establishing these banks is obvious. At the time of the foundation of the Boerenbond, one of the biggest needs of the Belgian peasant was credit to enable him to

purchase equipment, fertilizers, seed, etc. The first local guild credit section was founded as early as 1892 on the Raiffeissen plan. Now the Central Boerenbond Credit Bank is the banker of these local credit and savings banks, receives their credit balances, accepts long-term deposits, and gives them the credit they need for members. In the course of years, the Central Credit Bank of the Boerenbond became an extremely important financial power in Belgium. In 1933 the guaranteed capital of the bank was nearly 74 million francs, and total deposits were about 17,000 million francs. The Central Bank, in turn, did its banking with the Volksbank of Louvain, whose president was one of the two lay founders of the Boerenbond, and through this latter bank invested its huge surplus resources not only in Government funds, but in many industrial and commercial undertakings also. Baudhuin, the well-known Belgian financial expert, in an article in the *Bulletin* of the Banque Nationale de Belgique for July, 1932, placed the Boerenbond as a financial power immediately after the Société Générale (Belgium's largest bank).

The interest of the Credit Bank and the Volksbank in commercial and other undertakings was largely due to the fact that since 1926, just at the time of the Boerenbond's greatest expansion, the government ceased to issue bonds, in which the majority of funds were previously invested, and the Bank was forced to go to the stock market, and to take financial participation in various concerns. With the increase in the Boerenbond business, the Volksbank of Louvain rapidly grew. In 1928 it amalgamated with others to form the Algemeene Bankvereeniging, for whose offices in Antwerp the largest skyscraper in Europe was built, and which ranked third among the banks of Belgium. The Boerenbond, through the Volksbank, became a majority shareholder in this bank.

But now comes the one black spot in the history of the Boerenbond. The commercial and industrial commitments of the Algemeene Bank were disproportionate to sounder investments, and ill advised. The Bank crashed at the beginning of this year (1935), and the Boerenbond credit bank, as a result, had a deficit of many millions of francs. The government was forced to come to its aid with a huge loan, as it did with a smaller loan to a socialist consumers' cooperative which had failed. The credit bank was completely reorganized, largely due to government pressure, and it is now entitled the Caisse Centrale de Credit Rurale. On a much smaller scale than formerly, it will confine itself solely to rural credit business which, of course, but for the temptations of the enormous amount of funds at its disposal, it should have done before. The clergy, who are so intimately concerned with the Boerenbond in the rural districts of Flanders, many of them being managers for the local credit banks, have been much blamed for the affair. That the Boerenbond was imprudent, there can be no doubt. Excellent organizers, and expert technicians in the farming world, the executives proved inept at handling the huge financial resources of the prosperous structure they had erected. There was, however, no dishonesty in their conduct, and nowhere is it thought in Belgium that the Boeren-

bond will lose its influence in the country. Many small farmers have lost almost all their savings, but their loyalty to the organization which takes such a large part in their social as well as their economic well-being, is very great.

To return to more pleasant aspects of the Boerenbond. There is the League of Farm-women, founded in 1911 for the benefit of the wives and daughters of Boerenbond members. The League organizes educational courses on practical farming subjects of especial value to women, as well as on hygiene, psychology, child care and so forth; there are monthly meetings in every section; special retreats and days of recollection are held; information and advice may always be obtained from headquarters; and a monthly paper, *De Boerin*, is published. The total membership of women and girls was 114,072 in 1934.

The boys' section was only founded in 1925, yet already in 1934 there were 17,771 members. These are the sons of members, who are being trained for farming and other agricultural occupations when older. Monthly conferences are given to them in the winter months on technical, religious, and general subjects. They are taken to the various agricultural experimental fields, and they are taught to value education. Hikes and other social activities are also organized. Neither the members of this youth section, nor of the women's division, are included in the total Boerenbond membership previously quoted which, as we said, includes heads of families only.

Finally we come to the special work of the General Secretariat. In 1934 alone, 93,000 books and brochures were published and sold, in addition to the weekly and monthly publications. Over six thousand conferences are given yearly to the various sections on all manner of themes; electricity, pig raising, dairy farming, taxation, insurance, plant diseases, fruit growing, religious and moral subjects, and a host of others. Two- and three-day study courses are also organized each year; agricultural exhibitions (25 in 1934) are arranged; and agricultural libraries established. Fifty inspectors, under the direction of a priest at headquarters, regularly attend the meetings of the various sections, control the accounting of local branches, the insurance, banking business, etc., and give valuable technical information to meet local needs. Then at Pentecost, the annual general meeting of the Boerenbond takes place in Louvain, with thousands of members present, and an imposing array of clergy in their ranks.

The Boerenbond as a social, economic, and financial force in Belgium is certainly of immense importance. Yet it began as the outcome of the daydreams of a delicate priest from a poverty-stricken parish but forty-five years ago,—when the agricultural depression in Belgium was almost as bad as is the situation of the American farmer to-day.

Nor is the Boerenbond the only Catholic coöperative organization in Belgium. There is the Eigenaars en Landbouwersbond (proprietors' and peasant farmers' union) of Bruges which was founded even earlier than the Boerenbond, for it celebrated its golden jubilee in June this year. This society has the full sympathy of the clergy of the district, and is Catholic in tone, al-

though it is run by lay people. It differs from the Boerenbond in that it unites in membership the large landed proprietors with the small peasant farmers. It is, however, comparatively insignificant, for its numbers total only about three thousand.

The Redt U. Zelven (Save yourselves), another coöperative, founded and managed by Catholic lay people during the Great War, is the largest rival of the Boerenbond. It numbers about 15,000 members.

Then there is the Alliance Agricole Belge. This coöperative was organized recently as an amalgamation of various smaller associations, to undertake the same work in the French-speaking part of Belgium, as the Boerenbond does among the Flemish population. The Alliance Agricole Belge is more or less modeled on the Boerenbond organization, but it provides much less than the Boerenbond in the way of conferences, social activities, and the like; and although it works under the patronage of the Church, the clergy have little to do with its actual work. It now has a membership of some 23,000 heads of families. However, it makes all its purchases for members through the Boerenbond purchase and marketing Comptoir, and sells its members' products through this organization also. Its success, therefore, can only add to the influence and importance of the Boerenbond. Nor could it ever equal the Boerenbond in size, for Wallonia, where the French-speaking Belgians live, mostly comprises the industrial part of Belgium; the majority of the Flemish (the Boerenbond is a Flemish organization) live on the land.

The only other coöperative of note in Belgium is the U. P. A. (Union Professionnelle Agricole). This association is not Catholic, but it only numbers 15,000, does its purchasing and selling through the Boerenbond Comptoir, and chiefly confines itself to the organization of agricultural shows, conferences, and politics.

Surely Belgian Catholics have shown what great things organization and good will can accomplish, even in the face of enormous difficulties. Despite the recent financial difficulties, the story of the Boerenbond must encourage all those Catholics who have practical ideas which they hope to foster.

GREEN MOONLIGHT

By Vera Marie Tracy

IF you've ever set foot in Crannybeg you know very well, whether you admit it or not, that it is the kind of place in which things happen. There is something in the feel of the air, the sigh of the wind, the sob of the rain which intimates that fact; something in the way the little whitewashed cabins hug a crookedy road which, presently disentangling itself from their cluttering embrace, runs zigzag up a hillside and vanishes over the top; something in the very shapes of the wayside stones, the look of the trees after dark and the weird outline of distant mountain ridges black against a daffodil sky. But—since such features are common to villages all over Ireland, I'm told—perhaps it is something more intangible, more indefinable still—something you can't quite lay a finger on yet know is there all the same.

There are fairies in Crannybeg—undoubtedly. Everybody says so. Not that I'd be believing everything I hear, like a great gomeril, but when a whole village narrates a thing as authentic history you can't hold out long. No matter how young and cynical or old and skeptical you are it creeps under your skin by and by, and the first thing you know you are substantiating the blather without so much as a wink or a grain of salt. Indeed, after awhile your credulity gets going so smoothly you not only think certain events took place, you actually know they did. You begin to see, feel, hear, smell, taste and savor the whole thing—and tell it—as if you yourself had been present all the while. But, sure now, it's well I know I wasn't present at any of it, and I'll not be saying she dreamed the adventure with the leprechaun and I'll not be saying she didn't. You can draw your own conclusions and don't be blaming them on me. I'm telling the tale as they told it to me when I visited Crannybeg, asking all excitedly if I had seen Wee Brigid over there in Amerikay and was it true her husband did nothing but write books and dress her in satin, velvet and diamonds every day? To be sure I had never even heard of Wee Brigid up to then but the general lovable idea in Crannybeg is that Amerikay is just one good-sized village and the whole population should be personally acquainted with each other.

Well, to get started—for you'll never make any progress till you do, as the copy books say—a big round pale green moon was gazing pensively down at a little red-haired colleen huddled on a doorstep, spinning webs of light about and securing her as firmly as anything in its sinuous pale green toils. She was watching a leprechaun seated on a toadstool by the big rock taking the final stitches in a tiny golden shoe. (This, he had assured her proudly, was one of a pair to be worn by the fairy queen herself at the midsummer night revels; and himself, I assure you humbly, she could no more help seeing than yourself can help seeing flowers and butterflies, for

she was born with the second sight, they say, whereby you understand she saw things that others couldn't see at all.)

Granther sat inside by the lamp on the kitchen table, his feet in the hearth, which was all right because the fire had been out for some time. Indeed, he and Brigid had elected to eat their porridge cold that night as a measure of economy, and very good fare they found it too because they were always content with whatever God sent. Many a time of late they had dined on pratie peelings, which is nothing more or less than potato skin if you don't know, and liked it, by which you may readily surmise they were very humble folk and not hard to please. Granther sat inside, as I started to say, staring over his spectacles at a worn copy of *The London News* which a stranger in a fine motor car had brought wrapped around a pair of boots he wanted mended.

I must tell you about the boots. They were not old ones, mind, nor even new ones with a bit of wear, but brand new ones with a rip up the side of one and down the back of the other as if the wearer might have laced them too tight the first time he put them on. He must have tugged powerfully, come to think of it, for they were none of your shoddy stuff. They bore a Bond Street label which made Granther handle them reverently, for of course Bond Street is the smartest place in the world to buy footgear if you happen to be a gentleman with plenty of money. The stranger seemed to be of this class. His limousine drew up outside of Granther's shop one blustery afternoon in March and himself in a grand fur coat leaped out and entered with the package under his arm. He didn't even inquire the price, which is a pity now for another than Granther might have taken advantage of his appearance and charged him double for a few stitches. He merely left the boots and said he would come for them in an hour. A guest up at the great house, Granther concluded. And rightly.

Now it chanced that Wee Brigid stopped in from school in the meantime to divide an apple which the teacher had given her for good recitations, to recount the various experiences of her day and to discuss the impossibility of supper with nothing in the larder. "There'll be pennies in the till by an' by, Bideen acushla," said Granther importantly. "Just sit ye down quiet and wait till he pays for his boots."

So, when the stranger returned Wee Brigid was sitting with demurely folded hands on an end of the workbench, her red hair in two fat short braids sticking out on either side of her face. He seemed to find her such a diverting little figure that he neglected to examine the repairs, but pulling a shilling out of his pocket handed it to Granther, who looked at it dubiously and said: "Biddy, child, be hasting over to the Widow Moriarty's sweets counter and ask for the change of a shilling."

The stranger started and looked embarrassed. "Is that all I gave you without even inquiring the price?" he wanted to know and pulled out a handful of money. Wee Brigid regarded him with wide-eyed wonder but Granther gave him a pitying look. "Ye'll die poor," he said. "Never yet was two rips worth a shilling."

"Then give the change to the—er—little one here to spend at the

sweets counter," directed the young man, blushing, for young he was and handsome, and seizing his boots unwrapped made for the door. As quick as he was, Wee Brigid, having been taught courtesy, was ahead to open it for him. Now it happened that she was not so tiny as the adjective before her name would imply. Her head was as high as the stranger's heart and you yourself would have called him a tall man. Also, she would be sixteen come April but of course in that faded, bepatched, shrunken school frock, with her flaming hair in pigtails and a swarm of engaging freckles across her nose, her aspect was still disarmingly childlike. Nevertheless she proved disconcerting enough to Granther's patron. When he wanted to tweak a braid of her hair teasingly merely because it was red, he found himself looking into the bluest, most disturbing eyes he had yet encountered. What else could he do but flee? He whirled right about face outside the door though, and took leave of Wee Brigid with a bow and a flourish of his hat. She promptly dropped him a stately old-fashioned curtsy, scant skirts outspread, which she had been practicing for the play to be given at the closing of school.

There was a ripple of amusement from within the waiting limousine where sat a duchess dowager person with a lorgnette and a black-eyed young thing in a scarlet beret. "How utterly quaint!" laughed one of them, and poor Brigid closed the door quick in an agony of embarrassment. She climbed up on a box and peeped through a tiny square of window high in the wall. The stranger deposited his boots in the front with the chauffeur and himself climbed into the back with the ladies. Then they drove away up the zigzag ribbon of road and vanished over the hilltop, and the child stood on her box wondering why her small world seemed suddenly so bleak and futile, until Granther inquired dryly was she going to stay up there all night. So she proceeded to get down as laboriously as if she were old and rheumatic and her last hope gone.

Which is how Granther came to be staring over his spectacles at a worn copy of a London newspaper on this particular night. It was his only library and he knew it by heart, so he was not really reading but liked to appear that way when cogitating. And this he was doing with all his might for it had gotten very serious indeed about the other cobbler—he who recently had come and set up shop in the village, as if he had been born there and were not an upstart and intruder. Shamus O'Sheel was a young fellow, not especially prepossessing save for an apt tongue in his head and such an engaging way with him that all the young folks were taking their shoes to him for mending. He played the fiddle at all the dances and practiced such merry tunes in his shop between working spells that even the elderly feet were being lured within. Thus it was that Granther's sole means of livelihood was being inveigled away from him with much the same influence that the Pied Piper exercised on the children of Hamelin. And here was Wee Brigid shooting up into womanhood without a second dress to her back, to say nothing of food that healthy young things are always needing.

What could be done about it? Nothing at all, evidently. Granther

pulled at his old pipe which had no 'bacey in it and strove not to question the ways of God.

In the meantime Wee Brigid watched the leprechaun. She did not answer him when he spoke for when she was very wee indeed and first began pointing out fairies and queer sights to Granther who couldn't see them, he extracted a promise from her: "Niver, niver answer wan of thim, no matter what he says, Biddy, child of me heart," he admonished her, "or the Little People'll have ye in their power an' whisk ye away, an' niver a sight of ye will yer ould Granther be havin' again. Niver, niver again, Brigid darlint!" So Brigid, shivering and round-eyed, promised, and so far she had kept her word, though as she grew bigger she was not half so afraid of them whisking her away. But she had heard a lot about the leprechauns and the gold they kept buried under bushes. When times were happier and flames leaped cheerily on Granther's hearth, old and young liked to congregate around it of winter evenings, the former to tell strange tales, the latter to listen.

"Now, as you well know, or should if you don't," they'd say, "a leprechaun is simply powerless if you catch him. He will promise anything to get away and the great thing is to make him lead you to the spot where the crock of gold lies buried. Never let go of him until he has done this and then dig it up quick before he has a chance to warn the other leprechauns. They will torment you all the rest of your natural days but with a pot of gold betwixt yourself and poverty—sure now, what would it matter at all, at all?" The only requisite is a good-working set of wits with which to circumvent them and every normal Irishman is endowed with the like at birth.

The leprechaun of course had no inkling that Wee Brigid was weaving dark designs on him as she sat there so stilly in the moonlight. He had put forth all his wiles to snare her into answering him for such a flame-bright creature as herself would make a most attractive lady-in-waiting at the court of the Queen, not to mention the royal favor such a transfer would likely draw down on himself and his kind. To get her in his power was all his intent. To get him in hers was all her thought. Presently he bit off his thread and held the golden slipper aloft excitedly. "Finished!" he exclaimed, puffing out his chest like a pouter pigeon and strutting up and down vaingloriously. "Finished—the pair of them! Incomparable shoes that Her Majesty's feet will dance to ribbons ere cockcrow of the great night. 'Tis only meself could have made them so perfect!"

Here Wee Brigid came to life with sudden inspiration, but it was a fearful undertaking. She glanced uneasily over her shoulder at Granther inside, nodding over his pipe and paper. But she was desperate with the need of many things and so she broke silence. "But they are by no means perfect," she protested in a soft little voice as liquid and bubbly as a brooklet running through emerald grasses. "They are not even mates. One is at least a thirty-second of an inch longer than the other!"

The leprechaun stopped dead in his pacing and glared. He forgot that his aim was accomplished and she would now be incapable of resisting any command of his. His skill as a cobbler—the Queen's very

own!—was being disputed, disparaged, derided. Incredible insolence! He drew himself up perfectly rigid, dug his elbows in his own ribs and mewed like a cat in his rage. "It isn't so!" he shouted. "I can prove it!" and snatching the other slipper from a blade of grass where he had hung it for safekeeping, he came skipping toward Wee Brigid measuring his handiwork toe to toe and heel to heel for her to see. But he was not close enough yet, so she shrugged indifferently and turned away. He danced around her humming like a troublesome mosquito. "Look!" he insisted. "Ye've got to look and say it isn't so! How dare ye insult the Queen's own shoemaker! Look, I tell ye!" He leaped to her knee, holding up the footgear to her very eyes—and sure, it was no trouble at all to reach out a lightning thumb and forefinger and collar him. He squirmed and wriggled and kicked when he found himself trapped. And wailed like a cat and buzzed like a bee and drew himself up into such knots that he was like to slip her grasp. So she cuffed him gently on an ear to make him behave, and seized the spade leaning against the wall where Granther had left it when he dug up the last pratie from the pit.

"Now ye'll be telling me where the gold is buried," said she. He made frightful faces and lunged this way and that, but she held on firmly, and finally, he was forced to give in. So he told her to go along the road till she came to the seventh bush on the left and under it she would find what she was after. It all seemed so delightfully easy that she hummed and skipped as she went, dragging the spade after her with a clatter and quite joggling the breath out of her captive. When she got there she would not trust him on the ground but set him high up in a forked twig just above an elaborate spider web. The spider himself, a crusty old fellow, sat in the middle of it and leered up at the leprechaun with shifty covetous red eyes, so that the latter dared not move for fear of falling in. Then Wee Brigid set to work and dug and dug till the spade struck something hard, but it turned out to be only a rock. "If it's foolin' me ye are," she threatened, wiping the perspiration from her brow, "I'll keep ye in me cricket cage until ye tell the truth!" Which didn't frighten him because he knew she would come to the gold if she dug deep enough. And she did. The crock was large, the gold pieces shiny and utterly fascinating, and the whole so heavy she staggered under its weight.

Abruptly she set it down again, her face crimsoning. "Why—that would be stealing!" she exclaimed astoundedly, the realization just dawning on her. "I couldn't take it, not even to help Granther. Whatever made me think I could? He would be the very one to make me give it back!" Now some people would make no more of taking leprechaun gold than of helping themselves to a robin's nest. They would never consider it stealing and many an argument they'd advance to convince you it was not. But Wee Brigid, being of Granther's stock, was honest to the heart's core and would not have taken so much as an egg from even a robin. However, she burst into tears at her own self-frustration.

"I wanted the gold because we are so poor," she sobbed mufflledy to the leprechaun, her face buried in the crook of her arm. "There isn't

enough to eat and it's likely there'll be less. The new cobbler is taking all the trade and Granther can earn nothing. He's getting old and feels the cold. There's no 'baccy in his pipe, no fire in his hearth. And I—I have no decent dress to wear to the bonfires and dancing on St. John's Eve. I shall have to stay at home. Oh-h, how can I bear it!"

The leprechaun answered never a word though his mouth was gaping wide with astonishment at the turn affairs had taken. He just stared with all his bright beady eyes at Wee Brigid's pathetic figure there at the side of the road, and listened with all his big comical ears to her litany of woe and said never a word. Presently she ceased crying, rubbed the tears from her eyes, blew her nose, set the crock of gold down in its hole again and shoveled the earth back over it till it was all just as it had been before. Then she started slowly away, forgetting the captive, but he began mewing so piteously she turned back, lowered him gently to the ground and watched him vanish in joyous skips, handsprings and somersaults.

After awhile she found herself on the doorstep again, yawned, stretched and went in to sit on Granther's knee and pet him a little before going to bed. She felt uneasy about having placed herself in the fairies' power by speaking to one of them, and as she rebraided her hair—which was pure Titian although she didn't dream it, never so much as having heard the word—she looked in her bit of mirror which was old and cracked and had "waves" in it. What she saw there was so unflattering it made her feel secure in that direction. The fairies would never want anyone as homely as herself but she cried herself to sleep nevertheless, convinced that nobody else ever would either.

She and Granther met at breakfast in high good spirits, although there was only a small patty-cake and a cup of cold tea between them. Granther kept chuckling over the happy dreams he had had. "All night there was 'baccy in me pipe, an' a grand fire on the hearth with a great kettle of elegant smells a-bubbling an' a-simmering. An' the shop was full of boots—boots everywhere!—enough to keep me busy all the rest of me natural days, Biddy asthore!" But Wee Biddy, smiling joyously the while and bursting into song every little bit, did not recount her dreams aloud. They had been so beautiful she could not find words to tell them but kept hugging them to her heart ecstatically.

While she was tidying up after breakfast there came a tap at the kitchen door and in walked the Widow Moriarty, who kept a sweets counter in her house around the corner. She carried a large parcel. Having been endowed with more of this world's goods than any of the other villagers, she was, nevertheless a very sad woman and in deep mourning. Her only child, Moira, just Wee Brigid's age, had died at Easter time, and the grief in her heart revealed itself in the deep tear-furrows lining her face. "Biddy, childeen," she began in a quivering voice, fumbling at the knots of her package, "I could not rest the night for a queer little noise that kept tickling and teasing and nagging at me. Sometimes it buzzed like a bee and again it hummed like a mosquito, and then it meowed like a little cat. And all the while I lay and thought of the dress my Moira wore to the fun-making last St.

John's Eve. Ochone! Ochone! And she as blithe and winsome a colleen as ever tripped the green, and now—ah, well, Jesus and Mary love her! But anyway, there I lay tossin' this way and that with those awful noises in me ears. It was just as they say the Little People do be worritin' and naggin' at a craythur sometimes, God bless us and save us! And nothing would do but I must up and take down that white dress with its ribbons and petticoats, from the top shelf of me closet where it was doing nobody any good, and wrap it up to give it away the morning to some girleen me lost Moira's age. An' I kept thinkin' of ye, Biddy, who was always her best playmate, how, maybe, having no mother to remind ye of things ever, ye might have forgotten to provide yerself with a dress for the bonfire dances tonight." (The Widow Moriarty was being tactful, for well she knew the poverty of this house, but that Brigid and Granther liked to hold up their heads in spite of it.)

But a great gladness shone in Wee Brigid's true blue eyes and she hugged the Widow Moriarty till there was scarcely a breath left in that lone, lorn creature's body. And just then the latter realized that she need not be so lonely and sad if she would take this motherless girl in hand and do for her as she would have done for her own Moira. Ensued an orgy of trying on, cutting, pinning, basting and letting down of hems for Wee Brigid was shooting up as fast as fast. And then the kindly widow brushed her lovely hair for her until it rippled and gleamed like burnished copper. She was so pleased and astonished with the result of her efforts that she could only gasp and smile and sob by turns, while Wee Brigid pirouetted around the room, fluffy, bright and beautiful as Queen Maeve herself, wishing she dared look in that old cracked looking-glass. "I have it!" she exclaimed. "The pool in the woodland—'tis a grand looking-glass! I'll be right back." And out the door she skipped.

Now all unbeknownst to them, Granther was having a visitor in the front room which was his workshop, and who might he be but the same young man who had stopped his limousine one blustery afternoon in March and brought in his boots wrapped in a London newspaper. On this occasion the chauffeur carried in the boots for him, but there were more than one pair. He brought them in by the armload and as quickly as he deposited one he went back to the car and procured another. This he did so many times that old shoes of every size and description were piled high on workbench, counter and chair, and toppled over onto the floor. "These," announced the stranger indicating the heterogeneous array, "need something done to them."

"To be sure," said Granther bewilderedly, "but what and to which?"

"Everything," was the reply. "Soles, heels, buttons, strings—whatever shoes have. I gathered these up at the house the first thing this morning—every discarded shoe on the place, servants' and all. Everybody thought I had gone crazy. And you are to do your best at charging, understand?"

"Indade, yes," assented Granther humbly. "Ye shall have a big discount on so many."

The stranger looked hurt at being so misunderstood. "I mean

charge double, triple, man, and I'll pay in advance," he explained.

"It wouldn't be right," protested Granther.

"I'll pay it anyway," declared the other. He drew closer to Granther, lowering his voice confidentially. "Do you believe in fairies?" he asked, just like that.

Granther staggered back a pace—first, because it was such an unusual question from one man to another, and second, because he was dizzy from having eaten so little of late. "Well, naow—" he hesitated. He took his old pipe from his pocket and jammed it in a corner of his mouth to think better.

"Did you ever hear a fairy?" persisted the young man eagerly.

"Well—naow," faltered Granther, "how could I ever be sayin' for sure? There's wind as yowls down the chimley sometimes, ye know, and teeny raps on doors and windys ye can't account for, and stairs that do be creakin' at night wid nary a foot on thim—"

"Do they ever buzz like bees and hum like mosquitoes and mew like kittens?"

"What—the stairs?"

"No, the fairies!"

"Well—naow," Granther cogitated, shifting his pipe to the other corner of his mouth.

"Are you positive?" insisted the stranger.

"Never a bit," said Granther.

"Well, I couldn't sleep last night and I dreamed the queerest—by the way, do you believe in dreams?"

Granther glanced around at the shoes piled everywhere, and said very heartily: "Faith, I do that!" Just then Wee Brigid all in white, her hair flying out behind her like a flame, went skipping past on her way to the woodland pool.

"So do I!" gasped the young man with heartfelt conviction, and over the doorsill he leaped and out after her.

Wee Brigid's way led her past the new cobbler's shop. He was fiddling away at a great rate, practicing for the dances of the coming night as well as drumming trade for himself. But she skipped by, singing "The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la!" and looking neither to right nor left nor behind her. After one breath-taking glance he rushed to the door, calling out: "The top o' the morning to yez, Miss Biddy!" But she had no mind to greet that impudent Shamus O'Sheel, who had taken Granther's trade, and on she went. So he came out and skipped right along beside her, talking as fast as the audacious tongue in his mouth could wag.

"Yer the freshest, swatest colleen in Crannybeg, Biddy mavourneen," he told her.

"Go on with yer blather, Shamus O'Sheel," she made reply. "Yer tongue is too big for the size of yer head!"

"But yesterday, Brigid Casey, I thought ye a great gawk of a redheaded school kid but overnight ye've bloomed into a woman, and a princess at that. It's me wife I'm askin' ye to be." He paused impressively, but Wee Brigid did not pause. If anything she did her best to outskip him. He knew that tonight by the witching light of the moon, many of the lads would be making love to her and proposing marriage while he had to hug a greasy old fiddle, so he lost no time in making the first bid.

"Maybe it's foolin' ye think I am, Biddy Casey, but I'm that serious! I'm a foine business man"—the im-

pudence of him—"and Granther can help in the shop for his kape. Say ye will, Biddy Beautiful, and we'll make the handsomest couple in Ould Ireland!"

"Indade and indade," Wee Brigid made answer then, "it's an old maid I'd die before I'd wed with the likes of ye! And as for Granther helpin' in yer ould shop—I'm going to Belfast and work in a factory, and he shall have 'baccy in his pipe and sit in a cushioned chair by the fire all the time if he wants!" Shamus O'Sheel made the mistake then of trying to put his arm around her, but he was lifted up abruptly from behind and deposited in a muddy ditch by the roadside. She supposed he had merely stumbled and fallen in himself, so without glancing around she ran into the woods, remembering the Widow Moriarty patiently waiting for her at home.

She mounted a tall rock, the better to get a full-length reflection of her new finery in the water, but up there she had an awful fright. Becoming conscious of eyes upon her, she looked around and saw Little People—*thousands* of them—laughing and peering out at her from under every leaf and spear of grass in the woodland. She remembered that she had placed herself in their power the night before, and here she was alone and helpless, far from human aid, with legions of them ready to close in upon her. She screamed, and jumped, and the young man, who had concealed himself behind a tree and was wondering how to reveal his presence without startling her, rushed out with upstretched arms to catch her. But she didn't land gracefully in the hero's arms as they do in romantic stories. I am sorry to say she fell on him and knocked him flat. There was confused scrambling as they helped each other rise.

"Did I hurt you?" she inquired, anxiously, recognizing him.

"Don't mention it," he said adoringly. "Will you marry me?"

"We—we *might* go and ask Granther," she answered shyly.

Perhaps I should stop now but they say it was a grand wedding and never was comelier bride than Wee Biddy dressed in the pretties provided for her by the Widow Moriarty, who did for her exactly as she would have done for her own Moira. And also you might relish knowing that the stranger turned out to be no other than an American writer come to Ireland in search of fairies for his next book, and who was being lionized by British society for his prowess in fiction. Already he had exhausted in writing all the problematic issues of this erring and befuddled world to-day and hoped that to bring back the fairies and innocent fun and laughter into the hurried, worried lives of his countrymen might prove the solution of many ills. Ah well, the book is still in the making so the result is yet to be seen . . . but—"I have me doubts," as Mrs. McGinty would say.

They took Granther to New York with them because Wee Brigid could not bear to part with him, but you know how it is with old folk—how they hate being transplanted, especially from the Ould Sod, and when she discovered how homesick he was for that tumbledown shack in Crannybeg, they took him right back to it, repaired it as much as he would permit, gave him a cushioned chair for his old bones, turf for his hearth, 'baccy for his pipe, more money than he could ever spend, and old shoes galore to be mended,

for the aged ones like to feel that they are useful to the very last.

I first heard the above and many others around Pat McGinty's fire on November Night. And afterward when the company broke up, I elected to walk to the top of the hill road with some of them whose homes were down the other side. It was a love of a night with a great moon, a tang in the air, and a mysterious thrill in the atmosphere penetrating to one's very marrow bones and jarring one with little shivers that had nothing to do with the weather. As we passed along, the doorsteps were all bedecked with bowls of mush-and-milk—a friendly offering to the fairies, one of my companions told me, as this was one of their enchanted nights. I noted that Granther had added a dish of praties to his offering, and hoped the Wee Folk would relish his generosity. I could not help thinking, however, that a precious nothing would be left for them when McGinty's hounds and all the other village dogs were turned out-of-doors for the night, not to mention Rafferty's goat and innumerable pussies. But Ellen McCune caught me thinking. "Nary an animal is loosed the night," said she, "but by mornin' nayther bite nor sup will be left. They say the Pookah ates it."

"The Pookah!" I cried, another lump of ice tobogganing down my spine. "What's that?"

"Sh-sh! He belongs to the fairies," she whispered, for there are ears everywhere on November Night. "Sometimes he takes the shape of a great black dog with fiery eyes and legs as high as stilts! And that hungry, they do be sayin'!" Just then we reached the crest of the hill and, deciding to turn back, I was soon left with an arm tingling from hearty handshakes and cheery leavetakings ringing in my ears. It was after midnight and homely little Crannybeg, washed in green moonlight, looked ghostly in the valley below. Not a light shone in the tiny windows. Everyone had gone to bed. I felt aggrieved and slightly dismayed that nobody had waited up for me, although who would if not my Great-aunt Shiela with whom I was staying?

I had heard enough that evening to discourage permanently the curl in my hair, and here was I all alone in a haunted world on a haunted night. I blinked confusedly at the moon and an eerie bat winged across it. I looked at Crannybeg again—and it was curious how, in that trice, the cabins seemed to have gone into a huddle; squat goblinish things they were, with their heads together exchanging malicious gossip or plotting dark mischief. The tombstones in the little churchyard glittered whitely and, so jittery had my vision suddenly become, I could have sworn they were capering about in a fantastic dance! And the looks of the trees—there was one clump in particular that would require closed eyes, swift feet and all my prayers to pass! A queer longish stone far down at the first bend in the road, which I hadn't noticed as I walked up, resolved itself into a grisly misshapen corpse laid out for a wake, until I could scarcely drag my panic-stricken eyes from the thing. Even Mrs. Flaherty's spotted cow sauntering nonchalantly up the road toward me, switching her tail to keep the fairies from riding her, perhaps—even she, in that weird green light, looked, for a moment or two, like

nothing I had ever seen before! She grinned at me affably as she passed and, having discovered her identity, I wondered if she had a fondness for mush-and-milk and praties, so jaunty and jubilant did that gaunt lady appear in her strolling.

There was nothing to do but run, and run I did! I remembered the Mississippi Negro pursued by a ghost who passed himself twice on the way, and felt I outstripped him at that, only this was a reversal in which I had to run toward the scariness, not away from it. I slowed up as I reached the first houses, being on familiar ground again and less frightened. Besides, I had to peep inquisitively into the bowls of mush-and-milk as I passed—and found them empty! "A-ha! The Flaherty cow is the Pookah!" I sniggered triumphantly. It would make a grand story of my own to tell them all on the morrow. And then—oh, dear! such a snorting and gobbling of food was going on as I approached Granther's doorstep, and a terrible black dog with fiery eyes and legs as high as stilts paused in his repast and glared at me. I felt an instant urge to resume my flight, and started just as he made a lunge for me. I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck as I pitter-pattered madly down the road. Fortunately, my Aunt Shiela's abode was not far and as I bounded up onto the step (stumbling over another bowl of mush-and-milk!) and beat frenziedly on the door, it opened suddenly and I fell into her arms. Kicking the door shut behind me, I wept on her shoulder. "Whatever in the wide world ails ye?" she implored, soothing me with little pats on the back.

"The Pookah chased me home!" I informed her tragically.

She chuckled mightily. "Sure now, ye're gettin' acclimated!" she said. "I blew out the lamp and waited up for ye by the moonlight. Faith, I said six rosaries before I fell aslape. There's tay in the pot. Ye'll be needin' a sup." As she bustled off to the kitchen I dragged the trembling wreck of myself to the window. One of McGinty's hounds—the black one who had taken such a fancy to me earlier in the night—was licking the bowl on the next doorstep, but languidly as if he were getting very much satiated. His legs did not look as high as stilts now, and when I tapped on the glass he looked up in my direction and his eyes were not fiery at all. Ah . . . Crannybeg! I laughed a little and followed my Aunt Shiela to the kitchen.

THE VILLAGE BELLS

An Elegy

By Dom Placid, O.S.B.

AN Austrian cloud above my head,
And beneath my feet a road
Of crisp-burnt loam, and at both sides
A village flung against the hills
By some giant hand, each home
Snuggling against the earth's cool breast
Like some self-conscious child
Drawing away from unsought visitors
Like myself. I pushed my way aloft
Along a twisted path among the trees,
And reached an open space forlorn
Through which a trickling stream in ages past
Had sung its gurgling tunes in harmony
With fifteen bells in five surrounding shrines.
Beside the curved stones of an empty well
I sat and drank the silence of the hills.

Startled, I heard the sigh of age
From one who rested at my back,
At the other side of the empty well.
I rose and offered him my food,
Full frugal—and we sat and talked.
His skin, like wine-tanned leather, lay in folds
Upon his face and hands, and far
Behind a long white beard of silk
Came words of woe and sorrow.
"No more they ring, no more!" he pined.
"Why, they were very life itself
Of our small realm, the harbingers
Of good and ill, of birth and death.
We have no papers even now, and then
The news was first made known
By our good pastor, when our bells
Rang out at morn or pierced the orange sky
Until resounding echoes held the tones
In one embrace of mystery unsolved.
And then we'd clamber up the rugged hills
And meet before St. Cyril's little shrine

To learn what new had happened in our world.
'A child to Martha . . . boy . . . and seven pounds!'
We'd laugh and joke. 'For this we left our work!'
And some might scoff and some a benediction wish
Upon the little fellow and on her
Who braved a death of pain and saved a life of joy. . . .

"So down again, and up again,
And down again and up—
For all the village news,
For marriages, for deaths—
Thrice daily, too, angelic-wise,
Their reassuring songs
Floated across our wheatéd fields—
'Twas thus we knew the hours.
When dark clouds rose in the far off west
The heralds of dull bronze
Rang out, and candles quickly burned
In our homes, in Virgin shrines. . . .

"And then, one day—Good God!—one day,
A man in Sarajevo fell,
Clutching his breast, but who can tell
How dogs of war are loosed?
I only know they took our bells—
Our bells—our life—our hope—
And crashed them down upon the ground,
And smashed them into bits!
They broke our hearts along with them!
They took our youth, they killed our age
When they took our bells away.
A Way of the Cross our street became
As tears from the lowered heads
Of men and women fell before
Their weary, sickened treads,
As they trudged down to the depot tracks
And watched with reddened eyes
Their bells, their hearts, depart at last
Toward the reddened, northern skies.

"All gone—all melted down, they say—
All melted—like our youths
Who have never returned from the northern lands
Who had gone away with the blare of bands
And the ringing of bells and the waving of hands—
All gone—they say that the war is o'er
I neither know nor care,
I only know this world is dead,
No bells peal on the air."

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH DEAF

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

THE Oracle was speaking. He said: "Why don't you write some of these personal articles the magazines are printing?"

"Because," I answered promptly, though somewhat reluctant to admit the shameful fact, "there seems to be no subject about which I'm better posted than anybody else."

The Oracle pondered this; then, being of a hopeful disposition, he ventured: "There must be."

"Only one," I responded. "In the vernacular of the age I could 'tell the world' something about being deaf; but even on that painful topic I'm no more an authority than are thousands of others."

And right then something popped into my head—a remark made by a cousin I was visiting: "My dear, you are certainly the nicest deaf person I ever saw. You're no trouble to talk to. I never think anything about it."

Her words made no impression on me at the time, perhaps because I had heard them before. Now I wondered if I *did* know something about being deaf that many similarly afflicted have not discovered. Things came back to me: an old lady, slightly deaf herself, who said to my daughter: "I don't see how your mother keeps in such good spirits when she can't hear." An oculist who, after examining my eyes, exclaimed out of a perfectly clear sky: "I was thinking about you last night. I've come in contact with many deaf people. As a rule they're moody and morose. You have all the cheer of a person who hears everything. How do you manage it?"

I had never thought about it. To save my soul I couldn't have told him. I am not even sure that these people are right and that I'm any different from others with defective ears. But I do know that (unless they are uncommonly good actors!) my friends are glad to see me. It is strangely true that on more than one occasion I have been called "the life of the party"; yet if I were sitting six feet from the piano (minus an earphone) and some one should drop Webster's Unabridged onto the keys, I probably wouldn't bat an eyelid. I am as deaf as that.

Lest the forthcoming sound egotistical I will confess at the start that I am not always the cheerful person my friends think me. There are times, many of them, when I rebel bitterly at the fate which deprives me of so much I would otherwise enjoy—concerts—theaters—the stimulation of general conversation. There are days when the noises in my head seem unbearable, the thought that I must endure them for the rest of my natural life, is not good company. No, I am not a stranger to depression, but I have learned (save occasionally when in the bosom of my family) to keep that depression to myself.

I suppose most cases of deafness, like my own, steal on us gradually. At ten years old I suffered a bad attack of measles. They tell me this started it. At sixteen I know that my hearing was not quite normal; but it was twenty years more before

I would face the fact that I was deaf. Like almost all such people I had been trying to deceive both myself and the public. It can't be done! Possessing a fair amount of common sense, I realized this, and "took account of stock."

I was thirty-six years old and afflicted with one of the most incurable forms of deafness. Unless I met with an untimely end there were many long years ahead of me. I knew (who doesn't?) that while blindness excites compassion in the average human being, deafness merely irritates him. Even the best-tempered person doesn't enjoy repeating what he has just said. It is well for those who are growing deaf to face this fact, and, hard though it is, admit it. Of one thing I was determined: *I would not become a bore.*

For years I had been attending a bridge club; but the fact that it was increasingly difficult for me to hear the bid or follow the thread of conversation, had greatly troubled me. Having acknowledged my deafness, I also acknowledged that what was a trouble to me was probably a nuisance to my friends. At the next meeting I told my hostess that it would be my last, and why. To my complete surprise she replied indignantly: "We will not accept your resignation. If you can't hear, it is our business to *make* you hear." That was many years ago, but I am still grateful for her attitude and the look she threw me. Will she remember, I wonder, if she reads this article?

It goes without saying that to one who has mastered the wonderful art of lip-reading, such a course would not be necessary. This story is not for them, though all deaf people read lips to a great extent. Without eyes to help us we should be in a far worse plight; but comparatively few of us can depend entirely upon our eyes. I find it fairly easy to *see* what the Oracle is saying because I am accustomed to his way of talking; but I am not clever at lip-reading, and find it next to impossible to understand a stranger.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with my first earphone, and can recall vividly my emotions as we unpacked it. I said: "I will never wear that thing!" I visualized myself being stared at—perhaps laughed at; but, being humanly curious, I put it on.

There was no doubt that I heard better. I went to a mirror in order to learn the worst (this was in the days when the earpiece of a hearing aid looked—to the wearer—as big as a dinner plate), and got a laugh from the family by saying that for the first time in years I had heard my feet going upstairs. I was far too deaf to hear across the dinner table; but a sister-in-law remarked that it seemed to her as if I had "come back after a long journey."

Well, I kept the earphone—for use strictly at home, you understand. To be sure, an old and adoring aunt went so far as to call it "becoming," but when she appealed to my nephew for confirmation he responded honestly: "I really don't think that I should wear it for an *ornament*."

I agreed with him. I kept the thing as a dark and shameful secret, and proceeded in public either to remain dumb or give wild answers when, after a single repetition I failed to catch the question. It was, and still is, against my better judgment to make anyone repeat things more than once.

How long it would have taken me to gain courage to appear in my home town wearing anything conspicuous, is still a question; for just then Fate took a hand in my affairs. The Oracle, who had overworked for years, was ordered to a drier climate; and I, who had not been beyond New England since my marriage sixteen years before, found myself in a far-away city of the Southwest. We were complete strangers to the place and everybody in it; and, curiously, the first day I went down town on a street car, a woman wearing an earphone sat beside me. I regarded her with a mixture of pity and admiration for her courage, little dreaming that within two months I, myself, would be riding the cars similarly equipped, and haunting millinery shops for hats that drooped becomingly on the right side!

For I had not counted upon callers—strangers who did not know my handicap. I had been living in the town where I grew up, where most people had understood my dilemma and tried to make me hear. Now, unless I blurted out the fact which for some unaccountable reason most of the deaf regard as shameful, I was at the mercy of their voices and my own wits. The nervous strain began to tell on me. The Oracle begged me to wear the earphone and forget it. Easier said than done! My daughter, then twelve years old, a sensitive soul like myself, added her plea to his. My own common sense told me that it was useless to evade the inevitable. So one afternoon when I opened the door to confront callers, I asked to be excused for a moment, and returned wearing what I then regarded as an "instrument of torture."

Understand, I am the last one to run down any hearing aid. Without some such device I should be entirely cut off from human contact. I am merely acknowledging the fact that to one of my temperament it is incredibly hard to start wearing such a thing. Though my guests that day were extremely agreeable persons I emerged from their call feeling as if I had been through a miniature battle. Perhaps, after all, that is what it was. I shall never forget the face of my small daughter when the ordeal was over. "Mother," she declared, looking at me solemnly, "you—you are as brave as Joan of Arc!"

Well, the first cold plunge was over; and since then earphones have been growing steadily less conspicuous. My present model is scarcely noticeable at all. And they are more commonly worn. I was by way of being a pioneer. People *did* stare at me. Others would stop to ask if the thing were satisfactory. How much did it cost? And would I give them the address? I was, at that time, a sort of walking advertisement for my make of earphone.

But the best thing was that I was getting used to it, and, almost unconsciously, acquiring another viewpoint—a new philosophy. If people turned to look at me I found myself feeling amused rather than uncomfortable. When on a street car some small child, staring disconcertingly, whispered an audible question to "mama" and was considerately "hushed up," I no longer felt my color rising as on previous similar occasions. I could smile. Possibly my sense of humor, never long dormant, came to the rescue, for at last I could laugh at my own blunders.

And there were happier incidents: the afternoon when in a descending elevator I caught the eyes of a little girl gazing with so much interest at my transmitter that when we reached the street I held it out to her. I can still see the pleased delight that sprang into her face—the tremble of her small fingers as she grasped it and said: "Hello!" And that other enchanting little maid who between the acts of an entertainment snuggled up to me and asked confidingly: "Oh, please, *could* I talk with you a minute through that telephone?"

As for the sense of humor, it completely got the better of me one day soon after the advent of radio, when, standing in a doorway, I found myself surrounded by three small newsboys. From head to foot they looked me over, exchanging puzzled glances. Somewhat bewildered by this minute inspection, I wondered what was wrong with my appearance. In these days it is next to impossible to lose one's petticoat in public; and a glance at a mirror in a shop window told me that I was looking "as well as could be expected." Then the truth dawned on me. Those youngsters had caught sight of my earpiece, and, thinking that I possessed some sort of portable radio, were looking for my aërial!

Thus I advise you others who share my handicap, to cultivate a sense of humor. There is nothing like it to leaven the bread of embarrassment which is our portion. For there is no doubt that the blunders of the deaf are amusing—to other people. Stop and think for a moment. Is there any other misfortune that is made sport of on the stage—in the movies—the comic strips? Not one. A blind man may look funny groping his way across a street, but what would we think of a bystander who dared to laugh? Yet an old man with a hand behind his ear, pitifully straining for the word his companions are too thoughtless to throw him, will bring laughter and applause from an unthinking audience. Hardened as I am to this aspect of the case, I never see such a display without a sense of repulsion at its cruelty.

Yet despite all this, we must learn to laugh when we do amusing things. My own mistakes are not infrequently the cause of mirth in my own household. But mirth among those who love us does not hurt; and a good laugh, even at one's self, is beneficial.

Next, and this is imperative, *accept the fact that you cannot hear all that goes on around you.* Even your best-loved relatives grow nervous with many repetitions. Why annoy them? After all, much that is said is not worth repeating; and you can make yourself more or less indifferent to what goes on if you try hard enough. I know, because I am the sort who likes to "be in on everything." My mother said that as a child I rarely left the room when company was present without begging: "Please don't say anything till I get back." In a measure I still feel that way; but in order not to become a nuisance I have schooled myself to a reasonable apathy. Were I to insist on hearing every word that is spoken in my presence, I should expect my relatives to end in Bedlam, and my friends to be "not at home" when I arrived.

And even in the early stages of your misfortune, do not attempt to deceive people. You are deceiving only yourself. Is it really any more conspicuous to wear some hearing

aid than it is to give the wrong answer to a question? A charming woman of my acquaintance who is slightly deaf, had this experience: While in an elevator a stranger made some remark. Catching the word "weather," my friend supposed the woman had said that it was clearing, and replied graciously, "How lovely!" Later, her husband questioned with a twinkle, "My dear, were you guessing at what that woman said?" She acknowledged the fact and he responded, "Well, I am sorry to say you were very far from the truth!" The stranger had remarked: "What abominable weather! A car just passed and completely covered me with mud!" Lovely indeed!

Unlike the proverbial boy, you see, we cannot always guess right "the very first time." And this brings me to something which those blessed with normal hearing cannot know—the devastating fatigue of deafness. To constantly strain for every word—to use one's wits to supply the missing link in some half-heard sentence, takes a prodigious mental effort that saps the strength and leaves one exhausted after a prolonged conversation. To make this clearer I will cite an experience of my own:

My niece and I were climbing Cheyenne mountain out here in Colorado. It is a steep ascent, and after a time we stopped for breath, looking down at the Broadmoor Hotel below us. As we stood there, panting, she said what sounded to me like: "There's something the matter with Broadmoor light." I glanced at the hotel tower where a red light burns at night, saw nothing wrong, and knew my hearing had been at fault. Not wishing to bother her to repeat, I thought, "Now what could she have said?" I had heard the word light, yet obviously, that was a mistake. What was down there that might *sound* like light to my defective ears? I had it! Lake—the small lake back of the hotel. I threw a glance at my companion who was still breathless, hot and dusty, and knew in a flash that she had said: "I'd like to jump into Broadmoor lake." Instantly I responded with enthusiasm: "So would I!" It had taken me perhaps as long as it takes to count ten, to put two and two together and answer with intelligence. There was not, my niece assured me, even a noticeable pause. Yet I had been doing the sort of mental gymnastics which, indulged in for too long a period, are followed by an appalling weariness.

Hence my advice is not to depend too much on others for your happiness. No matter how sociable one may feel, the effort of carrying on long conversations is too big a price to pay save on occasions. Remember also, that your friends are making an effort too, and will enjoy you more if you leave *before* they have grown tired. For years the movies were a life-saver to me—the only entertainment from which I could derive as much enjoyment as "the other fellow." The passing of the silent drama brought real tragedy to the deaf; for even should all theaters be equipped with earphones, there will still be some of us who are fastidious enough to recoil before the thought of wearing an earpiece which is public property. I fear I am one of these myself! What remains is radio. I have never cared to listen to music through my earphone, but radio brought it back out of a long silence. I never cease to marvel at its magic.

And if you are a woman, wear the best looking clothes your pocketbook affords. This is no frivolous suggestion—rather a shield for the self-conscious. For if some passer-by turns to look at us isn't it pleasanter to think she may be saying, "What a lovely gown!" rather than, "Did you see that woman with an earphone?"

I am, of course, saving my wisest counsel until the end: If we who are deprived of hearing are to be happy, it is essential to find an absorbing occupation—something that we can do *alone*—that makes us oblivious to the fact that we are handicapped—something at which we are no trouble to our families. For to be deaf is to be lonely, and one can best forget it when occupied at a task which, for a little space, shuts out all difficult human contact. In this at least, I speak with authority. The finding of work that I love and can do alone, has made for me "a new heaven and a new earth."

But, if through force of circumstances some such occupation is denied you, do not allow yourself to grow moody and suspicious, the curse of so many who cannot hear. Beethoven passed through long, embittered years, and died almost among strangers because his deafness made him distrust the motives of his most disinterested friends.

I am not asserting that one ever becomes accustomed to not hearing in the sense that the hardship grows easier to bear. It does not. I know that I, myself, will never "get used to it." After all these years I still shrink from meeting strangers. Yearning to join a conversation, I sit, dummylike, for fear of interrupting, or of repeating a remark which, possibly, has just been made by some one else. It is hard lines for one who would enjoy the give and take of repartee. No, one does not become reconciled to the situation, but one must try, in "the pursuit of happiness," to make the best of it.

And to those not deaf themselves who are in close association with one who cannot hear, I make this plea: When you have anything to say, first attract his attention—speak his name—be sure he is listening. To do this will save you many an annoying repetition, besides s a f e g u a r d i n g your own strength, and his. And if the answer seems slow in coming, curb that not unnatural exasperation. Nine times out of ten he is only trying to save you—to supply by his own effort, not yours, the word he did not catch.

A little patience on your part will win his undying gratitude, more gratitude perhaps, than you will ever know. This I can promise. For only these small and human kindnesses can set him free, for a moment, from that prison to which nature has given him a life sentence. So little a thing to you! So great to him! A helping hand on a rough and lonely trail.

THE FROZEN PRIEST OF PEMBINA[1]

By Margaret Arnett MacLeod

WITH a quick lift of the big wooden latch, Father Goiffon opened the door and eagerly entered his log house in the hamlet of St. Joseph. In the flood of sunlight which fell across the room and rested on a rough table under a dim parchment covered window, his eyes found what they sought, what he had hoped for—letters and papers besides his books. The mail had come!

He stood out sharply in the light; small and slender in his clerical garb opening the letters and short-sightedly holding them near. He was over thirty, but with still the smooth fresh cheeks of early youth, and the fine lines about his eyes lent humor when he smiled. His neighbors Paul and Charles Morneau had insisted on unhitching his oxen for him, so he had come directly into the house. All three had just returned from two months at the buffalo hunt and the summer air was filled with the harsh screeching of Red River carts going on past St. Joe to Pembina.

In the previous year — 1859— shortly after his arrival from France, Father Goiffon had been sent to take Father Belcourt's parish of Pembina, N. Dak., but the Sioux having burned all the Pembina church property, he administered the parish from St. Joe on its western boundary forty miles away. The country seemed boundless in its immensity; the life, primitive and wild, almost frightening. But Father Goiffon had a stout heart, and cheerfully met difficulty and hardship in ministering to these French and Métis, whose need had touched him while still in far-away France. He enjoyed the freedom of the life and had grown to love the simple grateful souls he shepherded. Only Nature, cruel relentless Nature, on whom they all depended and whose fickleness often brought tragedy, chilled his heart.

And now after his long absence, he was glad to be home and he was eager for news from the outside world. He read the letters from France first, changing emotions playing over his face; then laying them down, he picked up one postmarked St. Paul. Reading this, his face became grave and he read it again. It was from his Vicar General, Monsignor Ravoux, requesting his presence in St. Paul on matters concerning his parish—an unwelcome summons. He must go again on two more months of travel!

A small fire burned in the fireplace, lighted by his good neighbor Madame Morneau on hearing the noise of returning carts, so that he might have tea quickly. A pot of

1 This is a true story and the first time that an authentic account of the occurrence, in detail, has been published. Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., who mentions the incident, in passing, in his *History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada*, has given me much information concerning it. Archbishop Matheson of the Anglican Church, has shared his personal recollections with me; the "Johnny" of the story was his brother. "Johnny" himself, in later years, was my neighbor, and I have had the tale from his lips many times. The maid in the Palace kitchen only recently died in Winnipeg. I have also had the benefit of Father Goiffon's own account as given to friends.

M. A. MacL.

water hung ready over it, but tea forgotten, the priest sat down on the bench by the fireplace.

He was weary. His life on the hunt had been a busy one. Among the vast numbers congregated there, he had watched as a father over his people; prayers in the morning before the men left camp for the farther prairies, instruction in the elements of religion to the women and children during the day, and a talk or sermon to all again at night, with Sunday the busiest day of all. He had his carts at the hunt, as well, to procure his own supply of meat and pemmican, the country's sole means of subsistence.

After camping so long on the bare prairies, his sheltering walls seemed a haven. His glance swept the room. Only here in all this lonely country, was there any link with the established cultured life he had left in France; a few religious pictures on the wall, writing materials, his books and papers on the table. It was a poor home of but one room, twelve feet square, but Father Goiffon loved it and was proud of it, for he had built it himself—the neighbors helping only with the heavy logs.

A six-year university course in the classics and a two-year course in philosophy had not contributed much to his knowledge of building, though it may have had a bearing on the size of his one window, which was unusually large for those regions. The logs were poorly chinked, the window and door were roughly done and the mud floor was too soft and uneven. But the chimney was his masterpiece, constructed of hay and clay well plastered, with a good draw.

The rough table and bench were the only furniture, his traveling box serving also as a seat. At night a buffalo robe doubled on the floor by the fireplace served as a bed, with heavy blankets to cover him.

Living was simple enough. Madame Morneau kept his house clean, occasionally contributing bannock when flour was procurable, and he did his own cooking.

Suddenly it all seemed luxurious and his eyes rested longingly on his books. He must leave it; he must go again with the carts—and on a dangerous journey. There were no roads, only tracks hard to follow over the vast plains, which crossed, moreover, the country of the hostile and warlike Sioux. But Father Goiffon feared treacherous weather more than savage Indian; always in this new life Nature loomed threateningly in the background.

But the Vicar General's summons must be obeyed, and Father Goiffon, busily planning, suddenly realized that his dream of a window sash with glass need be a dream no longer, he could get one in St. Paul! He would have light in his house the coming winter! With his poor eyesight the dim light through the parchment had been a sore trial. And a horse! He could get a young horse on which to travel the long distances of his parish, one to replace Father Belcourt's slow old mare to which he had fallen heir.

He must go at once! It was nearing the end of August and there was only time to get to St. Paul and return before winter set in. Such a trip with carts must be finished before chance of storms and snow. He knew that the Morneau brothers planned to join a party shortly going to St. Paul, so, still with no thought of tea, he got up and went over to the Morneau home. He would arrange to travel with them.

On a morning in the last week of August, St. Joseph was awakened early by the noise of a departing cart train. Father Goiffon came out of Paul Dubois' house. The old man was very ill and the priest was loath to leave him, for he had not been so devout and attentive to his religious duties as his pastor could have wished. However, Father Goiffon had done all he could and had administered the last Sacraments of the Church before he left.

The carts were waiting, the ox of the second cart hitched to the back of the first, so Father Goiffon mounted immediately; he was driving his own carts. Pulling his French hat down to shade his eyes they moved off, farewells from cart and doorway mingling with creaks and loud calls to the oxen.

The day was fine and clear and they covered twenty miles the first day. At Pembina where they joined a larger train, Father Goiffon visited young Pierre Leroux who was ill of consumption, and he came back to the carts looking much moved.

They traveled along by the Red River, over flat country, presently leaving the river and going farther west, soon coming to the most difficult part of the whole journey, the "Grand Traverse," as it was called. The road lay nineteen miles over a stretch of swampy country, with tall grass reaching in places to the oxen's backs.

They must pass over the Grand Traverse without making camp, carrying wood and water for the midday meal on the carts. Inexperienced travelers lost oxen here, for there was danger of becoming mired and in hot summer weather the road was so heavy for oxen with loaded carts, that traders traveled it at night. Father Goiffon's party started over at break of day, proceeding carefully, and made camp late that same night at Little Salt River.

Day after day they traveled, the monotony broken only by difficult places along the road. There were thirteen rivers between Pembina and St. Paul, some of which could not be crossed by fording. Over some, they found bridges left by travelers ahead of them; at others they had to fell trees and build their own. But even rivers that could be forded sometimes presented difficulties. The Goose River was a clear running stream, shallow and wide, but in a gorge with banks so high that it required eight or more men on each wheel to get a heavily loaded cart down one side and up the other.

The Sioux were most feared in the region about Fort Abercrombie. In 1862—two years later—they wiped out nearly all the white people in that part of the country, but now Father Goiffon's party passed in safety and with no alarms.

After reaching St. Cloud, St. Paul soon appeared in the distance, and on arrival at its outskirts, they made camp with others already there, hobbling their oxen as usual to graze. The priest then went into the town to stay at the Bishop's Palace as arranged.

Next day at the camping place, Father Goiffon and the Morneaus met some Red River people, Sam and Hugh Pritchard with their nephew Johnny Matheson, an eager lad of nineteen; and they planned to make the return journey together. They would leave in the first week of October, giving Father Goiffon a ten days' stay in St. Paul.

During that time he found a horse much to his liking, a fine four-year-

old. He also made his purchases; things for his church, a few for himself including the window sash, and had them all well packed in his carts.

Much of his time was spent in business at the Palace, and when the day set for departure arrived, he was obliged to send word to the camp that he was unable to leave. He suggested that if the Morneaus would wait with him, they would follow the next day and soon catch up to the larger party. So the Red River people went on.

Early next morning, as planned, the Morneaus having arranged the priest's carts with their own, they set off, Father Goiffon riding alongside on his fine horse. They made good progress the first day, expecting soon to reach the party ahead. It was warm glorious autumn weather, which was fortunate as in mistake they had let their tent go ahead with the other carts and were obliged to sleep in the open.

Then, a driver having neglected to look after his axle while in St. Paul, it gave way and they were halted half a day to make a new one. They hastened on, but at the end of a week's travel had not come in sight of those ahead.

After passing New Richardson another delay occurred. A quite new wheel on another cart went to pieces and it took them some time to repair it. About two hours before sunset, the other new wheel on the same cart did the same thing and they found that the axle was at fault.

As each delay had occurred, Father Goiffon's anxiety at his lengthening absence increased. His parishioners were now for over two months without a priest; no one to say the Mass on Sunday, no one to baptize, no one to attend the old and dying. Paul Dubois and Pierre Leroux might be needing him badly —they might be past needing him! Poor Pierre had shed tears when they parted.

He could not help voicing his anxiety, and that night he told his companions that he had made a decision—he was going to leave them and push forward more quickly on his horse. "The weather is fine and warm," he said. "My horse, as you know, is a good traveler, and I feel sure that I can reach Pembina in four days' time. I can delay no longer."

"But you cannot go on alone, Father," said Paul Morneau, the older brother, "you cannot carry what travel requires; you cannot—"

"My poor souls in need are calling me," broke in the priest, "I must go on!"

Charles joined his brother in protest. "But Father, if the weather should change, you are not dressed warmly enough to travel on a horse, you have only summer clothing. Pray, stay with the carts."

But even the threat of dreaded Nature could not change him from his purpose — his people needed him. "The weather cannot change so quickly," he said with a glance around, "I will be in Pembina before that happens." So, on Tuesday, taking a small food supply for four days, and refusing more from their store which had dwindled through the delays, the priest left his companions and started off on his horse.

The whole of October had been exceptionally fine. There are autumns in the West, when the weather keeps clear and warm without interruption so late that it seems each fine day must be the

last, that it cannot continue; finally ending in a quick change of temperature, snow, extreme cold and a furious and dangerous blizzard.

The Morneaus were fearing this; also they hesitated to suggest to the gallant little priest that he was too inexperienced, too new in the country to go on alone. "God grant that the fine weather may hold. If it changes, what will become of him!" said Paul, as they watched him out of sight.

His new horse traveled well, and at sunset the priest perceiving a pin point of light ahead in the distance on the edge of some bush, went on to find a solitary Métis camped for the night. They slept together on beds of leaves, by the fire.

The next evening Father Goiffon reached Red Lake River and had the good fortune to meet one of his own Métis named Demarais, who also was camped alone. He found Demarais' news disquieting — a sickness was abroad and many of his parishioners were ill. Paul Dubois was dead, and Pierre Leroux, not far from the end, was holding to life to see his beloved priest once again. The travelers talked long in the warmth of the fire and slept that night by a clump of willows exactly where the city of Grand Forks stands to-day.

Next day was All Saints' Day, November 1st. The priest more than ever impatient to reach Pembina, left Demarais early in the morning and went on, adding to the little food he had left, a handful of hawthorn berries given him by the half-breed. All day he traveled in warmth and sunshine thinking of the Morneaus' foolish fears about the weather. Late that night he went forward to a large fire he saw on the banks of the Great Salt River. He had caught up with the Red River party at last!

They gave him a warm welcome, but were surprised to find him alone. He was chilled from the night air, so they made him hot tea, while he sat by the fire and told them of the Morneaus' mishaps, and of his anxiety to reach Pembina.

After having slept on the ground for two nights, and being so long without a tent, he enjoyed the comfort of the camp, and slept that night with the Pritchards in their tent, on a fine bed of boughs.

When they wakened in the morning they were disturbed to find that rain had set in, but the priest was still eager to press on. His hosts, however, were anxious that he should not go on alone. He was lightly and unsuitably clad for such a journey at that time of year; a summer cassock, a light-weight capote, French boots and his French hat. Moreover with the rain, the Grand Traverse would be dangerous for an inexperienced traveler. So they tried to persuade him to wait and go with them, but he would not.

"The rain will soon be over; I must go," he said. "My horse travels quickly and I will reach Pembina to-night." The best they could do was to get him to promise that if the rain continued he would halt in the small bush at Little Salt River, ten miles farther on, and wait for them there—he must not travel the Grand Traverse alone.

"A daft lad," muttered Hugh Pritchard as he turned away, and while they harnessed their oxen, the priest started off in the rain.

His horse covered the ten miles to Little Salt River in good time, but the light clothing on his limbs was

wet through. Nevertheless, though chilled by his wet clothes, and the country ahead hidden by a forbidding wall of steady rain, he was still tempted to go on. Duty urged him, and the picture of poor Pierre clinging to life till he should come, was almost too much for him, for he thought—little knowing the Grand Traverse in bad weather—that by traveling on steadily, he would reach home by night. However, he had made his promise and resigned himself to wait.

"The Pritchards will not be long in coming up," he thought, "and in the meantime I will dry myself." So he set about gathering wood and lit a fire. He then made a small shelter in the trees against the rain, and tried to dry his clothing. All day he waited, chafing at the delay. Night came and still alone, he covered his horse and went to sleep by the fire.

When he wakened next morning it was to find with dismay that the rain had changed to snow. A heavy white blanket, eight or ten inches deep, lay over everything, blown into long ridges by a sharp northwest wind. He was too inexperienced to understand the real gravity of his situation but he was anxious at the turn things had taken.

What would he do? He had wasted Friday unnecessarily, he thought; and there was only one day left in which to reach Pembina by Sunday, as he had determined. He had only a few handfuls of frozen hay for his horse, his beautiful horse! What would become of him, now his food on the ground was covered with snow! He was a horse of the towns, he would not search beneath the snow for grass as would one bred to the prairies.

"And I am not much better off myself," he thought, "a few fragments of pemmican and Demarais' handful of 'Cenelles.' I cannot maintain a fire. It was difficult enough last night in the rain, to pick up wood, but now with the snow, I will have none." So he decided to wait no longer—the Red River party must have had some misfortune—he would go on.

Putting on his fire the last bits of wood, he endeavored to dry his horse's cover, which he had found under its feet when he wakened. Then, knowing that in such a storm he could not say his breviary on horseback as previously, he said short prayers, committing himself to God's care and started off over the Grand Traverse.

The storm was blinding. The horse turned his head from it several times as though wanting to turn back, then faced it and went on bravely. And with some small indications to point the way, the priest felt that they were going along in the direction of the summer road.

Several times during the day the horse was halted by heavy ground, then resting a little, went on. But toward dark, having traveled all day in swamp and snow with so little food, it seemed he could go no further. The priest, however, although knowing, through tales he had heard, of the danger of traveling at night without roads in a storm over those vast prairies, still urged the horse on, for he thought he must now be nearing his own part of the country. In reality he had covered but a short distance from the morning's starting point. Presently they got into a bad bit of swamp and were forced to stop. The horse was mired.

The night before, in the shelter of the bush, Father Goiffon had care-

fully covered his poor horse. Now, in his agitation over the position in which he found himself, and being far spent, he completely forgot to do so! Mechanically he took off the bridle and saddle and as usual, put the long rope round the poor beast's neck so that he should not stray—though he could not stir a foot! He took the horse's cover and absent-mindedly folded it over the saddle and sat down on it, placing carefully beside him, his French hat for fear it might be injured! The poor horse with his back to the storm changed neither place nor position.

Later, in despair now that Nature had him defenseless in her clutches, the priest crept under his buffalo robe and went to sleep, not to waken until morning.

Once awake, he said short prayers, then remembered that Sunday had come and he was not in Pembina! He must go on! Stiff and dazed he tried to free himself from the accumulation of snow on the buffalo robe. His poor horse stirred a little on seeing him uncover himself. "We must continue our journey," the priest thought, "I must find my hat and go on." But the hat had disappeared under the snow and as an icy crust had formed, he injured all his knuckles before abandoning the search.

"I have no hat, no mitts; I cannot travel farther while this weather lasts," he decided. Then suddenly recollecting too, that his horse could not move, he sadly covered himself up again. He slept till darkness came, wakened, and was so hungry that he ate the last of the hawthorn berries and went to sleep again.

Next morning tragedy awaited him—his horse of whom he had been so proud, was dead. In sorrow, he crept again under the buffalo robe and again went to sleep, not to waken till the following day at dawn. He had no idea of time except darkness and daylight, but he knew that it was now the fourth day of the storm. Presently he fancied that it was abating. "My poor horse is dead and I am alone," he said to himself, "but I must go on."

Making a parcel of his breviary, his horse's bridle and cover, he prepared to do so, but his feet refused to hold him. Surprised, he then realized that they were frozen—they had frozen while he slept! . . . What would he do now? He would have to wait till some one found him. In his extreme condition he did not grasp the fact that he was in a desperate plight, but got once again under his sheltering robe to wait, quite confident that some one would come!

The storm continued and it was getting colder. It was so easy to sleep. At times when he awakened and lifted the robe moist from contact with his body, to see if anyone had come, it froze so hard that it would not fold about him, leaving open spaces through which the wind and snow blew in.

As time wore on, he realized that he was done for, unless in answer to his prayers, God sent some one to his rescue. He then remembered that when starting on the trip Madame Morneau had said, "Take care, little Father, that nothing befalls you," for an Indian medicine man at the Hunt had foretold that he would die without the Sacraments of the Church. So now he prayed, "Oh God, I know that Thou wilt not let that happen. Send some one, for I must get to Pembina to Pierre and my people."

Then recalling the devotion of his poor parishioners in times of stress, when they promised Masses for souls in Purgatory, he promised thirty-two in addition to the twenty-four assigned to him by his superiors when in St. Paul—if he ever got the opportunity of saying them.

Next morning he wakened confused, and, surprised to find that he was not in another world, he doubled the promised Masses for suffering souls. Benumbed with exposure and hunger he realized that his poor horse could furnish food to help preserve his life. He got his small knife from his pocket, pushed it in, and cutting off pieces of the animal, ate them ravenously. Then feeling much revived, he lay down beside the horse and went to sleep.

On waking he was now too benumbed and spent to pray. Followed intervals of eating and sleeping, and no knowledge of night or day. Waking, he would lift the robe to see if anyone had come to his rescue, then hopeless, his damp clothes freezing stiff with the cold, he would eat, and go to sleep again. . . .

Came strange hallucinations. He called coaxingly to a beautiful child —but in vain; he would not come. He shouted frantically to men with strange horned animals, who only receded in the distance. He pleaded, his voice growing weaker, with one man who changed to a dozen, then back to one again. . . . Everything was so far away. . . . He continued calling, calling, to people who were borne, far up and away, floating off in the storm. . . . Shouts, words, the sound of his own voice,— all floated peacefully away. . . .

Then, after he had been for five days and nights out in the storm, "The Good Samaritans," as he afterward termed them, came.

The Red River party had suffered delays and coming to Little Salt River, they found that the priest had gone! He had started over the Grand Traverse alone!

They hastened on, hoping to find him, but they too were halted by the blizzard for those five days and nights, without a fire, with little food, and suffering great hardships.

At last on November 8th, the morning dawned clear and still and they prepared to move on. Helping his Uncle Hugh load the carts, young Johnny Matheson stopped and listened. "What is that noise?" he said. "It sounds like a man calling." But his uncle, anxious to go on, replied, "It is a wolf. We have no time for wolves. The wretched creature kept me awake in the night."

But the lad insisted, "It sounded like a man." Hearing it again he dropped the blankets he was putting in the cart, and raced off, his uncle following more cautiously with the gun. Once more the boy stopped and listened, then ran on again. He saw a dark heap ahead among the drifts of snow! Reaching it, he bent down for a moment, then waving his arms in excitement called, "'Tis a man! 'Tis a man! The priest; the priest!"

Hugh began to run. Johnny was down on his knees. Hugh ran faster. Soon kneeling too, by the huddled form against the dead horse, he gasped, "Father Goiffon!" The poor priest, in great extremity, was half frozen in the snow and delirious. As Hugh got down beside him, he held up a piece of his horse's flesh and said in a crazed way, "Have some. 'Tis good, 'tis good. Have some."

Shouts summoned the other men of the party. They tried to lift him but his clothing was frozen fast in

the snow, and they had to cut it off, before they could get him out of his icy bed. Both feet and his right leg were badly frozen. Lying on his left side in the shelter of the horse, his left leg had not suffered so severely.

They wrapped him in blankets and carried him to their carts. He was in a sad state lying so long but they had no means of bathing him to make him more comfortable. They had no food to offer—they had had none since two days before. But on waking and finding the storm over, they had broken up a wooden case containing merchandise which they had been reserving for great emergency, and made a fire so as to have tea before continuing their journey. With what tea remained, they revived the poor priest and started off for Pembina.

A Red River cart is not a gentle vehicle, and the priest suffered greatly when his frozen limbs began to thaw. Finally within some miles of Pembina, Johnny Matheson ran ahead and brought back Joseph Rolette—a man of means and one of Father Goiffon's parishioners—with a light wagon and horses. They took the priest to the Rolette home, arriving that night, where every care was given him. They put his poor feet in a basin of snow, they rubbed his frozen limbs, and gave him hot soup.

Three weeks he lay there without a doctor. Gangrene set in and his sufferings were intense. Madame Rolette, sick at heart for the priest they all loved, waited on him constantly, daily s e e i n g him grow worse. His parishioners hovered about the place, and Pierre Leroux still awaiting his friend, sent heartening messages—he must get well, they all needed him.

Then there arrived a messenger, Alexis Goulet, from the Red River Settlement, sixty miles north of Pembina. He said that Father Lestanc,—acting administrator of the Diocese of St. Boniface in Archbishop Tache's absence at the Northern Missions,—hearing of Father Goiffon's condition and being near the doctors at Fort Garry, had sent him to bring the priest to St. Boniface.

The roads were fit for neither cart nor sleigh, so he brought him the three days' journey on a sledge—a trying ordeal for one so ill. Arrived at St. Boniface, he took him to the Bishop's Palace, where Father Lestanc and Sister Gosselin,—housekeeper at the Palace,—both full of concern, took charge of him. He was put in a room opposite that of Bishop Tache's and next to Father Mestre's, and the doctors from the Fort were summoned. An operation was deemed imperative. They said his right leg must be amputated as soon as possible.

After a day's rest, the operation was performed and he rallied well. His condition immediately improved and on the eighth day the stitches were removed, the doctors expecting to operate on the left foot in a few days time.

Next day, however, there was a great alarm. Father Simonet, replacing Father Mestre, who after having been all night with Father Goiffon, was sleeping, came running to the kitchen: "Send Galarneau for the doctor! Father Goiffon is bleeding to death! Run! Run!" There was great rushing about, Father Lestanc coming from one direction, Sister Gosselin, with fresh torn sheets, coming from another. A large artery in the amputated leg had broken, resulting in severe hemorrhage. The doctors came

quickly but all their efforts to check it were unavailing. A hasty consultation showed no possibility of saving the priest's life, for with the excessive loss of blood, he was too weak to attempt another operation higher up so as to tie the artery. At last the doctors said, "He hasn't an hour to live." Lying there white and spent he was told that his end was near. A solemn group gathered in the room, and the last rites of the Church were administered. . . .

It was December 14th, an intensely cold and stormy day, twenty-five degrees below zero. To the dying man's ears came the sound of the howling wind. He was back on the prairies again, the wind swirling the snow about him in swift enveloping death, and he thought, "The Great Doctor Who saved me there, can save me now, even if it requires a miracle."

The capable Sister Gosselin had gone back to her kitchen, busied with the household needs of the day. "Men must live, as well as die," she sighed. She instructed her old servant Ursule, to put sixty pounds of buffalo grease in a large pot on the Three Rivers stove. "It is near Christmas; make candles for the holidays as well as for Father Goiffon's funeral," she said. "Poor man, he is dying quickly." Ursule obeyed, unthinkingly putting the lid of the pot on tightly.

Galarneau, the carpenter, then entered with lumber he wished to dry —a coffin would be needed. "Put it against the wall by the stove," Sister Gosselin said, "it will dry well there." The carpenter did so and then stood by the stove a few moments, warming himself and discussing Father Goiffon's tragic end, with Ursule.

Later they both went out and Sister Gosselin busied herself about the kitchen for a time. Then suddenly noticing the time on the big clock on the shelf, she went hastily out—she was to waken Father Mestre at ten!

Going along the corridor, she paused by Father Goiffon's room, and crossed herself. He lay motionless on the bed, Father Lestanc and Father Simonet sitting by him, awaiting the end. She knocked on Father Mestre's door and wakened him, then turning — a smell of smoke!—an alarming whiff! She ran speedily back to the kitchen to find it in flames! The grease had overflowed on the stove and nearby lumber which was ablaze, the flames leaping high and spreading rapidly.

Immediately the place was in a turmoil, people running frantically about, and warning cries of "Fire" resounded throughout the Palace and Cathedral. Father Lestanc, with the sense of his heavy responsibility, rushed out of Father Goiffon's room. Father Goiffon half dozing, was roused by the shouts, and looking out saw thick smoke in the corridor. Father Mestre came running into the room saying to Father Simonet, "We must carry him out." "I am a lost man anyway," said Father Goiffon. "I may as well die burned, as frozen. Go, save something from His Grace's room." He knew that there was a priceless chalice there, given Bishop Provencher by Pope Gregory XVI. But paying no heed, they carried him out on his thin mattress into the bitterly cold weather, and of necessity, laid him in the snow, then ran back to help get everyone out of the burning buildings. . . .

"Once more," thought Father Goiffon, "I am out in the storm to die." But lying there awaiting his fate in the freezing blasts, he was

presently conscious that the warmth of the hemorrhage had ceased, the limb felt cold, in fact he was becoming entirely benumbed on his icy bed. The miracle had happened! What medical skill could not do, the extreme temperature out of doors accomplished—the intense cold had stopped the hemorrhage, and Father Goiffon lived! By a strange turn of events, the very fierce elements of Nature which before had almost worked his destruction, now saved his life.

The Palace and Cathedral quickly burned to the ground and the priest's two rescuers came back to carry him, half frozen, some little distance to the shelter of the Convent. The doctors were amazed when they came, to find him living and decided to leave the mass of congealed blood and let Nature finish her work of healing.

"Nature my enemy, has been my savior," said Father Goiffon.

Later they operated successfully on his left foot and he made a good recovery, soon being able to discharge thankfully the promised Masses for the souls in Purgatory. In time, he returned, amid rejoicing, to Pembina and St. Joe, but remained only a short time before being removed to a less strenuous parish in Minnesota.

There he led a useful active life in the service of his Church until he was eighty-five; and it was a matter of keen pride to his independent spirit—one of which he used to boast—that he always made for himself the w o o d e n leg he needed.

In 1908—forty-eight years afterward—at the blessing of the present magnificent St. Boniface Cathedral whose "turrets twain" replace those that were burned, there walked in the procession an old priest with a wooden leg and by the help of two canes, for part of his other foot was also missing. He had come from Minnesota by special invitation to take part in the ceremonies. It was Father Goiffon.

OLD FASHIONS FOR NEW

By Margaret C. Meagher

WHEN the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes, after a gloomy survey of life's conditions, recorded his well-documented conviction that there is nothing new under the sun, he had probably just left off reading old letters and diaries, perhaps some recently edited volumes, the well-baked best sellers in the nonfiction lists of that neighboring busy mart, Babylon. There is nothing like dipping into such literary remains to bring one into accord with Ecclesiastes. For example, elderly folk to-day—such as remain in that depleted class — are viewing with alarm the lateness of the hour when modern youth sets out for a pleasure party, and the sunrise hour when youth returns to the paternal roof. Such things were unheard of in our time, cry the seniors, it is an omen of moral degeneration, and so forth. When next these jeremiads begin, silently reach for the letters of Horace Walpole and point to the page where Horace, querulous and puzzled at sixty-plus over the same eccentric custom prevailing in the 1770's, exclaims, "Fashionable folk set out for Ranelagh or Vauxhall so late that the music has shut down! What do they go for?"—or words to that effect.

Then our modern restlessness, afflicting all ages and castes, also viewed with alarm as of sinister import to civilization, had its counterpart in the eighteenth century. Thomas Gray, he of the Elegy, was a guest in July, 1760, at Park Place, the beautiful Thames River home of the fashionable Conway's. The poet writes from there to his friend Dr. Wharton of his longing just to sit still and absorb the loveliness of that landscape in the high tide of an English summer, perhaps, who knows, incubate another elegy—one in the major mode. His fair hostesses however were of a mobility that could dispense with motor cars. They planned Gray's visit with the ruthless completeness of an American reception committee entertaining a distinguished foreigner. "Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad," writes the victim in despair, "and what they call doing something, that is *racketting* about from morning to night." The letter might be dated 1935 instead of 1760. Gray returned exhausted to the dull countryside of Cambridge to recuperate in the quiet of his Pembroke College chambers.

A belief is current to-day that the middle-aged and elderly who refuse to dress or act their age, who try to keep up with grandchildren, are the product of the pollyanna philosophy, health hints and beauty salons of the twentieth century. Canto X. of Byron's *Don Juan* might at least modify that judgment. The poet thus admonishes the frivolous, unseemly elders of 1823:

"Teach them the decencies of good
three-score,
Cure them of tours, hussar and
highland dresses."

The same canto affords evidence that speed was loved as disinterest-

edly in the 1820's as it is now, though the speed mania was restricted in expression to the horse-drawn curricle. Nothing, wrote Byron, puts a man into such spirits as going at full speed no matter where, "so 'tis but in a hurry":

"For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great aim of travel which is driving."

It might be an ironic commentary on our eighteen- or twenty-year olds, tearing around the corner in model 1935 to buy a package of cigarettes.

Fortunately the mysterious rhythm in the unseen forces about us, that brings back again after a season, the trivial or the pestilential notion, may also restore to our generation significant ideas and theories of value, perhaps long abandoned or half-forgotten in certain circles. Those who are sensitive to changes of wind and temperature in the intellectual sphere, are predicting an emergence into current thinking of ideas lately regarded by the intelligentsia as antiquated as the bagwig or the farthingale. The world is so used to the cyclic recurrence of fashions in dress and manners that it has no sense of finality in bidding adieu to such whimsies. Like the seven-year locust they are fairly certain to return in more or less recognizable form. It is otherwise with intellectual notions. The general mental attitude of mankind when they disappear, is one of "we are through with all that forever," until, recast perhaps in the terminology of the day, these notions reemerge to plague or bless our muddle-headed race.

To take a few minor instances first of such revenants, who would have surmised in the high-tide of Victorian science that astrology would again achieve even a measure of respectability? The casting of horoscopes, as is well known, was a thriving profession some three or four hundred years ago—provided the astrologer escaped the charge of sorcery. The word *disaster* (*ill-star*), a favorite in our news headlines, has crystallized this one-time faith in stellar influence over human destiny. That belief is showing signs of returning animation. Its advocates argue that if science is right in asserting, through Sir James Jeans, that a baby's rattle dropped from its gocart may jar the remotest star in the Milky Way, then it is reasonable to suppose that human dispositions and human fate are affected by the conjunction of planets and stars at the moment of birth. And so the horoscope may at this moment be jostling the automobile road map in modern luggage.

Readers of the Psalms must remember how often the Psalmist refers to his viscera as the seat of his emotions—but not out of "humility" as an English writer has of late so strangely suggested. The bowels and the reins, with the heart, were once believed to be the center and seat of man's emotional life. They lost caste until modern physiology demonstrated the interdependence of the mind and body through the hook-up with the sympathetic nervous system, thus restoring to these lowly organs at least a modicum of their former prestige.

In the noontide of arrogant scientific materialism, when faith in a

mechanistic universe was at its apex, Ernest Renan promulgated the doctrine that miracles do not happen. Matthew Arnold and Anatole France dutifully subscribed to this limitation of the Creator in His own cosmos, and added the dogma to their credo. But this mechanistic view of nature has crumbled. To quote from an article in *The Contemporary Review* for August, 1934: "Twentieth century physics has introduced an element of contingency, of uncertainty into the heart of things, and opened up the spiritual world as a reality recognizable by science." As witnesses to this shift in the center of gravity one might summon Eddington, Millikan and Whitehead. Instead of a materialistic determinism that constricts spiritual growth like an iron band, there is actually talk in the air of free will, of mystic contact with ultimate reality through Wordsworthian contemplation of seas and mountains. Science is humble where once she was arrogant. She is religious where once she was agnostic, if not atheistic. The Victorian biologist worked overtime to bring all life into subjection to brute matter. Readers of the diaries and intimate correspondence left by the noted physicist Clerk Maxwell and the biologist George Romanes, may recall their confessions of cruel distress over the destruction of their faith in the supernatural world. How heartening to them would have been even such cautious admissions as are made by Professor Lewis T. More in his recent biography of Isaac Newton: "To-day the trend of thought is to regard life as an entity distinct from matter and subject to its own laws."

The destruction of one theory may form a matrix for the renewed growth of another. A few years ago the man in the street or on 'Change could attend a ball-game or a film, play bridge or golf, in the conviction that the law of progress was working tirelessly, like a well-oiled elevator, to lift civilization to yet higher ledges on the mountainside. A beneficent law it was, and could be trusted to roll up automatically further comforts and luxuries for his delectation. (It may have been then that the wide and somewhat fatuous smile first appeared in American photography.) This comfortable belief in progress as almost a cosmic law is not only flawed but shattered. The collapse of faith in the inevitability of this law, and the pessimism left in the wake of the Great War, may be responsible for the return to favor of another "old-fashioned" idea, the belief in an overruling Providence. *The Spectator* (English) of January, 1935, is not the only observer to descry on the horizon unmistakable signs of a reëmergence into current philosophic thought of this ancient rival of the idea of Fate or Destiny — the classic terms for our modern "determinism." The contest between these antagonistic philosophies, dating from the dawn of history, is showing a decided swing toward the old faith in a guiding Providence in human affairs.

It is no longer news in the halls of philosophy that metaphysics is back again, entering now through the main portals of the secular colleges from which not so long ago she was cast out. Professor William Hocking, of the chair of religious and moral philosophy at Harvard University, is declaring that metaphysics may again be "worn" in academic circles. "We are en-

gaged," he writes, "in a period of metaphysical recovery," as one of the sources of significant values—in the old terminology, as an aid to the good life. And other notions, recently regarded as archaic, are being cried up by teachers and leaders of youth—worship in the chapel, sessions of silence and meditation, the long contemned virtues of reverence and self-discipline. Professor Joad of London University in his *Liberty To-day*, reports the disappearance from his campus of the once modish cynicism, and a new seriousness in the students. The day of conducting the religious life through the agencies of committees, the day of "saving men by the barrel-load," seems to be past its meridian. Instead, teachers and social critics are urging the importance of the inner life as the ground of religion. Professor A. N. Whitehead, offers a counterpoise to the excessively social aspect of much modern Christianity, going so far as to define religion as "what a man does with his solitariness."

For long there has been a growing dissatisfaction with the romantic, the Rousseauistic answer to the hoary question, Whence evil? Proofs pile up that nature instead of being kind and beneficent, is both indifferent and cruel. Man cannot attain the good life by sinking into her "maternal" arms. The Emersonian counsel to "throb with nature's throbbing breast and all is well from east to west," is more than suspect to-day. Man vibrates it is true to her systole and diastole, but he has other and vaster rhythms that interlock with infinity. The late Stuart Sherman once said, "the great revolutionary task of the nineteenth century was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth century thinkers is to get him out again." The century seems at least to have begun this titantic labor.

In reputable reviews of late one may read discussions of an ancient speculation, a cosmological theory, that gives a more astringent reply to Augustine's *Unde malum?* This theory is known as the "cosmic warp" and is being seriously considered by responsible thinkers. It postulates a malignant intelligence that interfered with the order and harmony of our planet before the appearance of man. This "warp" persists—we need no sibyl to tell us that—and is responsible for war and pestilence, for crime, disease and pain. A clear exposition of the theory may be found in *The Contemporary Review* for August, 1934, where the writer quotes the Victorian scientist Clerk Maxwell to the effect that such a "warp" could have been produced by a powerful spiritual intelligence. Thomas Henry Huxley, tirelessly engaged in plucking the animistic tares out of the rationalistic wheat, must have frowned on this contemporary obscurantism. Meanwhile, in his Birmingham Oratory, in 1870, John Henry Newman was shaping this sentence for his *Grammar of Assent:* "Not only is the Creator far off, but some being of malignant nature . . . seems to have got hold of us and to be making us his sport."

In the April issue of *The Hibbert Journal* the case for such a malignant agency, the case for demonic powers affecting the life of man, is argued, and the reality of the old-fashioned hell reasserted. From hell, the writer states, emerge cunning, clever demons to corrupt souls and seize them at the moment of death. "Outside the Catholic

Church," one of the contributors significantly admits, "it has been too readily assumed that these evil powers do not exist, that they have never been responsible for spiritual, moral and physical evil." No other theory, he adds, "so well explains the facts."

This newly revived theory, a novelty in some circles to-day, has stirred not a few critics of art and music to welcome it as an adequate explanation for the leering ugliness of much modern art, for the hideous dissonance of much modern music, for the vacuity and silliness of much modern poetry. It is the demons then that are urging the modern artist on his insane quest for ideal ugliness to the neglect of beauty, that visitant to time—in Santayana's phrase—though belonging to eternity. The renewal of the contemplation of beauty—a "sure means of growth," believes Professor Vida Scudder of Wellesley College—might help to restore to modern man a sense he has lost, the sense of eternity—a vital human need. Responsible social critics hold the loss of this dimension from the modern consciousness responsible for the barrenness, and for the chaotic ideals of twentieth-century society. All history will buttress this accusation.

There is a revenant closely related to the doctrine of hell and the devil that twenty years ago or more, would have been most unpalatable if preached to the well-upholstered occupants of the well-cushioned pews in certain churches—the doctrine of original sin, of man as a sinner, hanging helplessly on some miracle of divine grace for his salvation. Yet to-day, according to unimpeachable witnesses in the Protestant press, the young and vigorous clergy—not the aged and traditionalist—who have been exposed to the penetrating rays of modern science and sociology, are substituting this harsh tenet for those well-sugared pulpit confections concerning the rapid elimination of crime, poverty and pain, and the perfectibility of man here and now. The Rousseauistic slogan of back to nature is yielding along the line to one that will sound strange to many ears. "Back to Sin" is the title of an article in the October *Scribner's* by the Editor of *The Christian Century*. The news of this victory of dualism would cheer the late Professor Irving Babbitt, though he might deplore the completeness of its triumph in the teachings of Reinhold Niebuhr who limits the saved to the barest remnant.

And what, according to these modern dualists, is man's hope? The answer is not science, not education, not even perfect plumbing or dentistry, but *the hope of divine grace*. It is hinted, moreover, that hymn-book committees were rash in expunging certain lines where man, proud man, confesses himself a worm. The biologist, the chemist, the behaviorist, were confident just a few years ago that the formula for *homo sapiens* might almost be written. The enigma abides, however, and *Man, the Unknown*, by Alexis Carrel, the Nobel Prize winning biologist, constitutes a *volte-face*.

A surprisingly mystical note is sounded by Professor Arnold Toynbee in his *Study of History*, Vols. I.-III., 1934. This work is a new interpretation of history by the distinguished English historian and authority on international relations. He advances the very unmodern idea that civilization does

not progress through the agency of groups or committees—those cherished implements of the American—but is mainly the work of the individual thinker. At intervals this teacher or leader of his kind withdraws from the phenomenal world as far as may be, and in solitary contemplation makes contact with transcendent reality, the source of light and wisdom. When he returns to the society of his fellows, he grafts on to the social structure what he has gained. Contemplation—"the lost mood," sighs Ellen Glasgow, "the distinguishing mark of the human mind," asserts Aldous Huxley, "the source of action," proclaims Father Gerard Vann, "the only happy life," according to Aristotle—is, it seems, about to be restored to its place not only as a means of mental and spiritual discipline, but as an instrument for intercourse with the Divine.

But there is yet another Catholic idea in Professor Toynbee's interpretation of history, one of pivotal importance, one that has never been relinquished by the Church, but taught *in sæcula sæculorum*, though long abandoned by modern science and philosophy. This idea is the belief in the spiritual value and destiny of man.

So long schooled by geology and astronomy to reflect on his insignificance in the scheme of the universe, vertiginous and intimidated from gazing down the incredible vistas of space and time unveiled for him by science, stunned by calculations in millions of light years, man finds himself again assigned a major rôle on the cosmic stage. Professor Toynbee has no traffic with the theory expounded by Buckle, or the gospel of H. G. Wells and Co., that man is merely the creature of environment, a product of the interplay of economic factors. As in the medieval, the Catholic world of thought, he is again accounted "the hinge on which infinite issues turn," "the point in the universe upon which all the tension of superhuman forces is centred and pivoted." His affairs, his social life, instead of being only "the murmur of gnats in the gloom, of bees in the hive," matter supremely. Never could a theory emerge more opportunely into the mundane consciousness to revive man's fading conviction of his real, his ultimate significance, and to give to him again his belief in the preciousness of human personality. Such a revival is of vital concern not only to the cloistered student but to the millions of obscure beings who never heard of philosophy. If the Catholic belief that man is more than a machine, more than a higher animal, but a precious personality, return again to the world, then in the words of Daniel Sargent in a recent issue of *The Commonweal*, "magic will be restored to the word liberty."

WHAT HORACE WROTE

PERSICOS odi, puer adparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
Sedulus curæ; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem.

—*Carminum*, Lib. 1, xxxviii.

WHAT HORACE MEANT

WHAT'S all this fuss, you Sabine clown?
You've turned the household upside down!
I tell you, I can't stand th'expense;
And what is more, I've too much sense
To countenance the importation
That's bringing ruin to the nation.
No need to buy the latest rose
That in a Persian garden blows.
And as for that d—d linden crown,
You'd better start to pull it down.
I swear, you'll sooner see me dead,
Before you see it on my head.
(What! lost my temper? clean "let go"?
"Æquam servare . . . memento!"
Still, all these lavish ways I hate 'em . . .
"Auream Mediocritatem!")
Now, myrtle's cheap, and does not itch,
And stays where put, without a hitch.
'Tis cool, 'tis simple, and 'tis grave,
And suits both Horace and his slave.
So, myrtle headdress we shall wear,
(Though linden be the latest "flair")
And you shall wait while I shall dine
At ease beneath the clust'ring vine.

RAYMOND O'FLYNN.

CRAFTSMEN OF OTHER DAYS

By Carol Coward

WE study the masterpieces of craftsmen of long ago, and are arrested by their work. We wonder vaguely what manner of man it was whose chisel or brush reveals such wonderful mingling of strength, childlike simplicity and purity of conception and design, with vivid, sometimes almost wild imagination, tempered by a certain marked restraint. Was he like our fellow craftsmen of to-day? How did he live? What was his outlook on life—his inspiration? How did he view his work?

Such questions may be partly answered by a survey of the lives of some of the outstanding craftsmen of other days.

First and foremost the medieval craftsman was extraordinarily prolific and versatile in his output. Lübke's description bears this out. "A painter," he says, "could produce panels with coats of arms for the military man of noble birth, and devotional panels with an image of a saint . . . for that noble's wife. . . . He could produce a larger sacred picture for the convent round the corner, and with finer pencil and more delicate touch he could paint the vellum leaves of a missal. The potter's wheel and kiln were part of his 'plant,' as were also tools for metal and jewelry work."

There is to-day a definite leaning towards a wider field for the artist. Eric Gill points and leads the way to a closer union between art and commerce. And Paul Hardy in his studio at Storrington produces fine drawings and paintings and also old armor which is outstanding. Nor does he despise the craft of sign painting.

Yet we cannot claim the versatile skill of our ancestors. The few to-day may work on practical lines. But Benvenuto Cellini made saltcellars. Inkstands captivated Sansovino. Donatello did not despise artistic picture framing; while candlesticks occupied the spare time of Pollajuolo.

Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, recently spoke strongly on the necessity of a change in the outlook of the English artist. "It seems to me," he said, "that in these times, when the whole aspect of art is changing, very clever students ought to direct their efforts away from picture painting and go in for the decorative and industrial arts. . . . Hogarth, two centuries ago, said that we had too many pictures in the world already. But Hogarth did not see the vast number—running into millions, I should think—that have been painted since." The whole speech deals with the wisdom of a union between art and industry.

In bygone, quieter days there was no separation between art, craft and manufacture. The result of such affinity was a huge gain in facility to art, and to manufacture a wealth of original beauty. The artist of to-day often becomes a slave to the necessity of gaining a livelihood. To the medieval artisan, his work was his life and he went his way, delighting rather in the exercise of the power he possessed and in "the joy

of the working." The words of the wise son of Sirach in Ecclesiasticus come very near this ideal, when he speaks of the craftsman "who maketh graven seals, and by his continual diligence varieth the figure: he shall give his mind to the resemblance of the picture, and by his watching shall finish the work." Deeper than the foregoing differences between now and then lay the outlook of the artist and craftsman on life in general.

The appreciation of the beautiful forms the larger part of the equipment of the artist. This power to appreciate what is first seen usually in nature, demands some kind of preparedness of soul, mind and heart. The animals, in their measure, appreciate nature, probably for its usefulness to them and its pleasant homely feeling. This sense of appreciation in man, however, is different. The preparedness for human delight in beauty is the result of nearness to God; of spiritual vision, which comes from the constant endeavor to see life and nature, as it were, through God's eyes. Following this line of thought, ultimately the great artist should be the great saint. Is it fanciful to see in the work of artists of the Ages of Faith a measure of such inspiration? And does not the truth of the matter rest in the fact that the true artist must be steeped in beauty, that is, steeped in God?

Fine and arresting as are forms of modern art, one is led to conclude that something other than Christ is their inspiration. To the medieval artist, whether he lived up to his ideals or merely absorbed, half consciously, religion and morality fraught with beauty, because of his environment in those far-off ages of Faith, Christ and the Faith were certainly his inspiration. To this he owed his understanding of the beautiful, his interpretation of every theme he touched. Hence the mighty works of other days.

To-day one is often left pondering wherein lies the inspiration of the artist. Fineness of technique may be admired, strength is there, but fancy often runs riot. Colorful beauty is outstanding, but for one who craves the ideal—that tearing away of the veils that conceal the Author of all beauty, there is disappointment. Beauty stands abashed; finding her place filled by one who would attract by other means, known best among men as Originality.

Plato taught that no art was worthy that had not a good moral and educative influence. Tolstoy held the same view. And in later days Robert Browning in his "Andrea del Sarto" shows how weakness of character and unfaithfulness to ideals injure art work.

It may be said that beauty admits of progress, that a hark-back to medievalism spells defeat. But the *living* Faith is full of inspiration to meet the needs and yearnings of every artist and craftsman of every age. For "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

Frank Brangwyn, R.A., one of the greatest of Catholic artists to-day exemplifies wonderfully the points emphasized here. Born at Bruges; often at Cardiff in his boyhood, where his aunt still treasures water colors painted by him at the age of twelve, Brangwyn was from the first extraordinarily prolific. Among his great works are the famous panels that he was commissioned by Lord Iveagh to paint for the House of Lords in England and which were, lamentably, rejected by the Royal

Fine Arts Commission as not harmonizing with their surroundings. These panels, sixteen in all, represented 3,000 square feet of canvas. Brangwyn's work is characterized by unusual versatility. In 1924 his exhibited work contained 471 examples of his range as decorative designer, painter in oils, tempera and water color; draughtsman; etcher, lithographer; engraver in wood and inlay worker. He is also a designer of pottery, furniture and carpets.

He has refused his fine work to no purpose where true beauty would serve. He has ever given of his best, where perhaps some might consider his work unworthily placed. Walking down the quieter part of Church Street, Kensington, London, where small shops are found and old-fashioned dwelling-houses still hold their own, the writer stopped in amazement a few months ago and exclaimed: "Surely, Brangwyn!" There, forming the frontage of a new depot known as "The Rowley Gallery" were three large and magnificent panels in metal, showing various craftsmen at work. The design is forceful and decorative, the execution simple and strong. Most astounding was the fact that here was indubitably a *Brangwyn shop front!* Inquiry elicited the fact that it was his first essay at architecture for a business house. Within were exhibited at the time interesting examples of large inlay panel work in woods, colored and natural, such as are now in vogue in London restaurants. These are remarkably beautiful.

Like the artists of old, Brangwyn's work is his life. And he works wisely among lovely surroundings near the Sussex Down. "The Jointure," the beautiful house that he has bequeathed as a rest home for poor artists, is historically interesting as having been, it is said, given by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves.

In another way Brangwyn resembles the old-time worker. He is tenacious of his ideals to a remarkable degree. This was shown by his tact and ingenuity in carrying out the commission recently completed by him for Rockefeller Center in New York. In the mural painting of "The Sermon on the Mount" there was an objection raised to depicting the figure of Christ. Though he did not carry out the wishes of those who would have had Christ shown merely as a ray of light from Heaven, he so worked out his own conception as to satisfy all concerned.

As to the inspiration underlying the immense body of work of this great Catholic artist and craftsman the first glance leaves no doubt. There is a strange peacefulness, purity, strength and harmony, and a rare restrained beauty in even the minor arts that are employed, which betokens at least the Catholic mentality—the inspiration of the true Faith.

But to return to the craftsmen of earlier times: Outstanding among them is Benvenuto Cellini. A book could be written on his queer sayings and apposite remarks, as well as on his skill and learning in the arts and crafts. Versatility was his salient characteristic; beauty, coupled with an immense desire for execution, his attraction.

The first time Cellini saw "damascening," that favorite method of ornamenting choice suits of armor, he must attempt the utterly unaccustomed work. The niellolike process, the tiny channels hollowed

out in the iron or bronze to hold the design, the brass, silver or golden wire laid in the groove, the skill in the under-cutting that held the metal in place—all enthralled the artist!

"I chanced," he says, "to become possessed of certain little Turkish daggers . . . ornamented with beautiful Oriental leaves, engraved with a chisel and inlaid with gold. . . . I was seized with a great desire to try my hand at it and . . . I produced articles infinitely finer and more solid than those of the Turks." (Possibly Benvenuto had not yet attained to as high a degree of humility as of artistry!)

So enamored of his art was Cellini that he wrote lavishly on its many aspects. We sense a half apology in his words: "Oh, thou discreetest of readers, marvel not that I have given so much time to writing about all this!"

As an enamel worker Cellini was famous. Specially, he appears to have loved that form of *cloisonné* enamel known as *"plique à jour,"* with its delicate filigree setting, and enamel in transparent pieces without metallic background. The stained glass window appearance fascinated him. One day, Francis I. showed him a marvelous bowl of the kind, expressing his wonder at how the work was done.

"Sacred Majesty," cried Benvenuto, "I can tell you exactly how it is done!" The court listened amazed as he explained how the bowl is fashioned, bit by bit inside a basin of thin iron lined with clay. Wires are inserted, the enamel put in its place and the whole soldered together. Then the temporary outer basin is removed and the transparent miracle stands forth in all its glory.

In England enameling is at the moment attracting attention, because the beautiful Stations of the Cross in the newly completed Benedictine Abbey at Buckfast, South Devon, are of enamel work.

Cellini was the most famous goldsmith of the world and he recounts how Michelangelo's praise of his gold medal representing Hercules and the Lion "stiffened him up" and fired his ambition.

A cope button for Pope Clement was a *tour de force* of Cellini's. This showed "the Almighty seated on a large diamond with a number of . . . little angels" around Him, and was in gold relief. "One fine day," he says, "God the Father stood forth in the round, most comely to behold." So skillful was he that he describes the bossing up of "fifteen little Angels, without even having to solder the tiniest rent!" The snails and masks with which he decorated the clasp do not appeal to-day as design. But, after all, Cellini was a true son of the Renaissance.

Honesty in work was dear to Benvenuto. The *doing* of the work meant more to him than the result, and pay he seems almost to have scouted; though he lived by his work. One day the setting of a ruby amazed some jewelers. Cellini was accused of having tinted the stone, contrary to all canons of the guild, for he declared no foil had been used. He was offered money if he would reveal the method by which he had obtained so remarkable a luster. He scorned the bribe but, delighting to be able "to teach his teachers," he disclosed his simple secret. The ruby was set on a piece of frayed silk!

Altogether Benvenuto Cellini was possessed of a likable personality; a fine artist and an honest worker, he has been well described as "one of

the greatest art personalities of all time."

Among English medieval craftsmen one turns instinctively to St. Dunstan, whom William of Malmesbury describes as "taking great delight in music, painting and engraving"; who made the sapphire ring of Edward I. and the record of whose indefatigable industry has been passed down to posterity.

Born in 925 and living in Glastonbury, he early became a monk and worked in metal. He was a great scholar, a good musician and withal a saint. Curiously the rimed legend about one of his fierce encounters with the devil seems to have held the imagination of the world more than his art and learning.

"St. Dunstan, so the story goes,
Once pulled the devil by the nose,
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar
That he was heard three miles or more."

This accounts for the pincers that always appear in old portraits of the saint.

This great craftsman did not, as do many of his kind, live in a dream world of his own, leaving practical affairs to others. He was successively Bishop of Worcester and London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. A truly righteous prelate and statesman, he twice reproved his King and excommunicated him.

The mysterious Biscornette is a fine instance of the craftsman, perhaps rare, who keeps consistently his own counsel. He wrought such marvelous iron hinges that jealous artificers declared he must have received diabolical aid. He was believed to have bartered his soul to the King of Darkness. The story runs that this was considered virtually proved because the central door, through which the Sacred Host passed was not a success. The evil one could do nothing in the neighborhood of Christ.

Biscornette's design which represented the earthly Paradise, with its marvelously sculptured birds and ornaments remained his own secret. Fragments were broken off to discover his method. Some declared it cast and treated with a file. Others said that it must have been executed entire, without soldering. This much is certain. This recollected master and craftsman worked with a *"douceur et une gentilesse"* which astonished the best smiths. His quiet, patient industry made the iron pliable and tractable. He "mastered" utterly his medium.

The famous Guild of Blacksmiths in Florence which flourished as early as the thirteenth century and which included workers in copper, iron, brass and pewter, had two unusual rules: Members might work for ready money only, and they were fined if they advertised by street crying, which was the usual method. The spirit of the Guild was carried out fearlessly by one Nicolo Grosso, who worked about 1499. He insisted on payment in advance. Vasari has described him as "the money grabber." Clearly he was the "go-getter" of those times. His best achievement was the making of torch holders and lanterns. In England these metal worker Guilds seem to have been inspired by a very right spirit. Fines, we read, were exacted from all members who did not give a right proportion of their earnings to the Church.

Many are the technical works on the arts to-day. It is interesting to consider the first of these.

The revival of craftsmanship in the eleventh century is marked by the earliest technical book ever written; remarkable for its comprehensiveness. Theophilus in his *De Diversis Artibus* summed up all that was then known for his fellow monks. Introductory words are full of quaint charm and wisdom.

"I, Theophilus," he writes, "an humble priest, servant of the Servants of God, unworthy of the name and profession of monk, to all wishing to overcome or avoid sloth of the mind or wandering of the soul, by useful manual occupation and the delightful contemplation of novelties, send a recompense of heavenly price."

This "recompense" comprises much. It covers Church utensil making; painting and varnishing; metal and glass work; gems and pearls and even the construction of organs. Details, such as, for instance, the making of solder, which to-day we can buy ready-made, are extremely fascinating and amusing reading. Much of this work was done as one would do it to-day, with such differences as that whereas Theophilus and his monk pupils used a charcoal fire, a modern craftsman would use a blowpipe flame. The writer alludes to himself as "the humble and quiet man working in silence in the name of the Lord." Surely the ideal of the artist and craftsman.

Interesting as is the similar book of the Renaissance artist, Benvenuto Cellini, the quiet humility and self-effacement of Theophilus make a stronger appeal than the self-confidence, audacity and swagger which are noticeable in Cellini's writings.

There is, however, no real comparison to be considered between the two writers. For Theophilus was alive at the time of the battle of Hastings, whereas Cellini wrote in the days of Henry VIII. Theophilus wrote while much in the world of art was still tentative, fresh, unconventionalized and unfettered, Cellini when technical workmanship had reached its zenith and design had become mechanical. The nature of the craftsman was bound to suffer from limitation and a sort of crystallization which had begun to set in. Enthusiasm was on the wane. Benvenuto Cellini, with all his genius and self-conscious exaggeration, was but the product of his time.

The close link between great ecclesiastics and ordinary artists and craftsmen must have been inspiring to early workers.

St. Bernward of Hildesheim, who ruled that See from 933 to 1022, was a fine example of a craftsman bishop. As a young man Bernward was tutor to Otto III. All his life he was a craftsman, chiefly in metals, and probably his best work was the training of a Guild of goldsmiths in his Cathedral School which later became famous. He was an architect, a painter and collector as well. The decoration of the walls of his cathedral and the great candelabrum, or corona, above the cathedral's central aisle was his own design, worked out by his followers.

Among works executed by Bernward's own hands is a chalice set with antique stones, some of which are carved, and a superb cross, covered with filigree, and set with pearls and antique precious stones. These are carved with Greek divinities in intaglio. His candlesticks, made of a metal composed of gold,

silver and iron are magnificent. They were (and many craftsmen could understand the feeling that led to the act) buried with the maker. They were discovered in his sarcophagus in 1194.

The saint's figure, supposed to be a portrait, can still be seen among the bas-reliefs on the fine choir-screen in St. Michael's church in Hildesheim.

Abbot Suger of St. Denis, a great leader of medieval arts in France, took issue with Bernward on the spirit of ecclesiastical decoration. St. Bernward denounced him for encouraging too great luxury in church art. Suger had his answer ready! "If the ancient law, . . ." he wrote, "ordained that . . . cups of gold should be used for libations, and to receive the blood of rams, . . . how much rather should we devote gold, precious stones and the rarest of materials, to those vessels which are destined to contain the Blood of Our Lord." The feeling of artists down the ages has been in general for the ideal of Abbot Suger.

Suger was a man who had the courage of his convictions. He stood for the ideal in art as well as character. Interesting to us to-day specially, when native artists of various countries suffer much from the importation of work, was his attitude towards foreign workmen. Instead of spending huge sums on importing Byzantine artists, he preferred to use the money at his disposal on building up a school of French artificers.

Art and craft certainly flourished in these ages of Faith. It is as though *most* men (not one here and there) were artists.

Numberless unknown embroiderers produced such marvels as the Syon Cope, made by nuns in a Convent near Coventry about the end of the thirteenth century; the Dalmatic of Charlemagne which he wore when he sang the Gospel at the High Mass on the day of his coronation; and the shroud of gold thread which wrapped the dead body of St. Cuthbert. Great sculptors wrought wonders in stone; while simple workmen, like Jan Troup, who was one of a staff of wood-carvers "at three sous a day" carved his own portrait in one of the stalls adding the naïve inscription: "Jan Troupin, God take care of thee!"

The transcriber of holy books in his small carrel in the cloister, with room only for his desk, his shelf for inks and colors and himself is one among the artists that many may envy to-day. Cassiodorus writes: "He may fill his mind with the Scriptures while copying the sayings of the Lord: with his fingers he gives life to men and arms against the wiles of the devil; as the antiquarius copies the words of Christ, so many wounds does he inflict upon Satan. . . . If I may dare so to speak, the three fingers of his right hand are made to represent the utterances of the Holy Trinity. The fast traveling reed writes down the holy words, thus avenging the malice of the wicked one, who caused a reed to be used to smite the Head of the Savior."

The words used at the blessing of the scriptorium give an inkling of how the work was viewed. "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless this workroom of Thy servants that all which they write therein may be comprehended by their intelligence and realized by their work."

The rule of St. Fereol, in the sixth century, runs thus: "He who doth not turn up the earth with his plough, ought to write the parch-

ment with his fingers." So vast was the output, that of Jacob of Breslau, who died in 1480, it was written: "six horses could with difficulty bear the burden" of the books he copied.

And copying was but a part of the work. The preparing of mordants followed and the laying on of gold leaf, which afterwards must be burnished with "a dogge's tooth set in a stick" or usually, with an agate. Then must the binder deal with the lustrous pages.

Dear to the heart of every artist and craftsman of every age must be Francesco that son of Zuccato who, with his brother, being engaged in work at St. Mark's, Venice, found it hard to convince his employers that the craftsman understands his work better than his client. His brother being overpersuaded was ready to use badly cut tiles of poor materials to save the pockets of the commissioners. Said Valerio: "Brother, what need of worrying yourself? Really . . . you dream of glory!"

"I dream of glory, it is true," replied Francesco, "but of a glory that is lasting, not the vain popularity of a day. I should like to make those who examine the cupolas of St. Mark's five hundred years hence say, 'This was the work of a conscientious artist.'"

SONG OF AUTUMN

By Ellen Gilbert

THIS is the Moon-of-Falling-Leaves,
When the geese are on the wing,
And the bonfires burn on every hill,
And the autumn crickets sing;

This is the Moon-of-Falling-Leaves,
And we'll lay a fire to-night,
And leave a candle by the pane,
To shed a shining light;

This is the Moon-of-Falling-Leaves,
With winter on the way, . . .
But winter holds no fears for us
This golden autumn day.

SHAKESPEARE'S DIFFICULTY IN OPENING HAMLET

By Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

PERHAPS the most successful detective story ever written is the play *Hamlet*. For in addition to the Ghost sleuthing the soldiers, and Hamlet and King Claudius sleuthing each other throughout the play, we have the whole world ever since trailing the mystery of young Hamlet. Shakespeare "started something" when he wrote *Hamlet*.

But in all the commentaries that have been made on the play from every angle, there is one spot which I do not remember any critic to have considered—namely, the difficulties Shakespeare faced in the plot he had chosen, and the manner in which he overcame them.

Here was a "perfect crime" committed. The murderer was the only living man who had knowledge of it and he was now hedged about by the divinity of kingship. A confession from him was out of the question and there were absolutely no clues. Shakespeare was starting from zero.

All natural avenues of discovery thus barred, Shakespeare sets his play in motion by turning to the preternatural. The Ghost would reveal his own murder. This seems a simple solution until we think of the audience. The Ghost must enter at the very opening of the play, since all its action depends immediately on him. But how start a play with a ghost? The audience knows nothing of the situation and may be presumed to be especially hostile toward s u d d e n and unprovided ghosts. To have a ghost come stalking on the stage at the start of a play means tragedy turned into instant and loud burlesque. The Ghost in *Hamlet* must enter the play early, but when he does enter, the audience must be already prepared to accept him as a real Ghost in whom they are interested. These two critical difficulties—the *when* and the *how* of the Ghost's appearance—must be surmounted perfectly or the play is a failure.

How does Shakespeare accomplish this? His first approach is in the setting of the opening scene—midnight, cold, darkness, silence—a lone sentinel on a remote platform before the castle—a ghostly atmosphere.

Then the action: From the very first words spoken, it is felt that a spell is over the place, a sense of terror. And who are the men thus terrorized? Soldiers—and these not from the common rank, but picked men, the King's bodyguard, men long accustomed to surprises, hardened through a thousand dangers. Francisco is at his post and Bernardo enters. This is their dialogue:

"Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks.
'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid
them make haste."

Francisco, at the end of his watch, is completely unnerved, ready to break under the strain of apprehension. He is really caught off guard by Bernardo, who challenges him first. They speak in short gasps, Francisco confessing himself sick at heart and glad to get away. His answer, "Not a mouse stirring," is an almost comical index of the jumpy state of his nerves, and his iterated "Good night" as he leaves, almost on the run, emphasizes his panic. Bernardo picks up the tension with his, "bid them make haste," and Horatio continues it with the words, "What, has this thing appeared again to-night?"

In twenty lines at the very beginning of the play, Shakespeare has brought his Ghost within walking distance of the audience. More than that, the Ghost paradoxically appears before the play opens. The play walks in on the Ghost, rather than he on the play. He has taken invisible possession of the place. Experienced soldiers, cowed in dread, await the next appearance of the apparition. When such soldiers are frightened there must be something to be frightened about.

Moreover, consider these soldiers —all alike brave men with a high sense of duty, yet each differing from the other in a rising scale of intelligence. Francisco, an "honest soldier" is the most bewildered and least intelligent of the three. Bernardo has himself mentally much better in hand, observes better, thinks in a straight line, but doesn't go beneath the surface — a plain, matter-of-fact man. Marcellus rises above Bernardo in sentiment and imagination. He feels more deeply and penetratingly. The little speeches:

"Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away,"

are clear indications of this difference. And Bernardo could never have spoken the beautiful words of Marcellus, beginning

"Some say that ever 'gainst that
season comes . . . "

All these soldiers, distinctly various in character, are at one in their intense certainty about the Ghost. They identify him absolutely as their former king. Terrified as they are, they cannot be shaken from that belief. And the audience catches this infection of dread certainty from the soldiers.

To emphasize further this mental state of the soldiers, enters Horatio, also a brave man, known to them as a scholar, a man of still higher intelligence than Marcellus. Horatio is fortified against their story, tush-tushes them, says it is but their fantasy, the Ghost will not appear. And almost at his words the Ghost appears and Horatio, harrowed with fear and wonder, collapses with the words:

"Before my God, I might not this
believe,
Without the sensible and true
avouch
Of mine own eyes."

This is the last straw breaking the back of any lingering doubt in the reality of the Ghost.

This "stepping-up" process of his characters to clinch the reality of the Ghost to his audience is not with Shakespeare a mere happy accident. This is clear from the fact that he withdraws them from the play in the same order as their entrance, namely, the order of their importance. Francisco leaves the play first, followed a little later by Bernardo and Marcellus. Horatio remains, and his part in carrying forward the action of the play from this point is indicated at the end of the first scene:

"Let us impart what we have seen
to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my
life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak
to him."

Horatio, well known to the soldiers and a close friend to young Hamlet, was to be the contact man between them and the prince, who possibly discounting the soldiers' story even if it reached him, would surely listen to Horatio.

We have said above that Shakespeare aimed to make the Ghost not only real to the audience, but also interesting. The common concept of a ghost is of the séance type, a pallid wraith, moving mistily about, uttering hollow moans or cryptic warnings. Not so here. This Ghost is to be a genuine character, clearly identified, with an unmistakable message that is to have a dominating influence on the entire action of the play. Shakespeare from the first steadily builds up the Ghost to win for him the sympathetic interest of the audience. He is identified by the soldiers as the late majesty of Denmark. In the interval between his first and second entrances he is described by Horatio as "our valiant Hamlet" known to half the world. An instance of his valor, the slaying of Fortinbras, is given. As the play proceeds the dead king is frequently mentioned. He walks within the palace as well as without. King Claudius gives him first mention in his speech from the throne. In her first speech the Queen implores young Hamlet,

"Do not forever with thy vailed lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the
dust."

Hamlet, during the same scene, further terms his father "so excellent a king" and says he was "so loving to my mother." And later, to Horatio,

"He was a man, take him for all in
all,
I shall not look upon his like
again."

All this interests us in the dead Hamlet as a warrior admired by his soldiers, feared by his enemies, loved by his friends, kind to his wife, the idol of his son, young Hamlet. The audience is won to this "king, father, royal Dane" and breathlessly awaits his words.

Thus far in the action of the play, however, we know nothing definitely except that there is a real Ghost, evidently with a message he will reveal to none of these four friends of Hamlet, though they appeal to him to do so. Dramatically the reason for his reticence is apparent. The message is a high secret; it must get inside the exclusive social circle that surrounds King Claudius; it must

be delivered to some one of dramatic stature worthy to meet alone and to interview a Ghost-king and to carry out his injunctions. Finally and most important of all, this person must be one with whose fate and fortunes we closely sympathize.

Here Shakespeare faced another formidable difficulty. At the end of the first scene the Ghost is real to us. Hamlet is not. He is hardly more than a name. To get the play forward, the Ghost and Hamlet must meet very soon. The whole subsequent action will depend upon this meeting, and if our interest in Hamlet is not keen by that time, it won't make much difference to us whether they meet or not. To create, rapidly and convincingly, a young Hamlet who will measure up to the Ghost in interest and dignity, is Shakespeare's problem. A sure-fire climax is called for here or the play is ruined.

It is a standing marvel of the genius of Shakespeare that he achieved this climax perfectly. He sensed the difficulty from the first. His "stepping-up" of the characters through the first scene, though primarily leading us to the Ghost, was also subtly aimed at Hamlet as the peak and crown of the five men. So that while his name appears only in the very last lines of the scene, we perceive at once that Horatio looks up to him as the soldiers look up to Horatio and we are brought to expect in Hamlet a man brave and intelligent out of the ordinary.

In the second scene Shakespeare turns immediately to the task of making us know Hamlet. And as with the Ghost, he strikes the keynote of his purpose with the setting. As we saw the pale Ghost against the cold background of a midnight sky, here we see the exact contrary—Hamlet in his suit of mourning and his inky cloak against the background of a brilliant court. The contrast is too significant to be a matter of chance. Hamlet stands out as the protagonist in this scene as the Ghost did in the earlier scene and the two are connected by the contrast. For, different though the scenes are in externals of color and motion, the one impression left with us with regard to their main characters is, that each is alone, isolated.

Very swiftly, but with a naturalness that seems almost casual, Shakespeare unfolds the character of Hamlet. Details are unnecessary here, but any reader of the play will see that Shakespeare doesn't drop a stitch. From beneath the surface of the court dialogue rise glimpses of Hamlet's soul, successive clues that merge to reveal a character fascinating from the start. We see a man of deep affection for his father, of respect for his unfortunate mother; of an incisive intelligence, an alert wit; a courtly presence with exquisite yet simple manners; a disdain of debauchery and a hatred of hypocrisy; penetrating all these a modest reticence and a shy melancholy, with flashes through them foreboding fearless and flaming action—the very qualities in a man, mystifying and attracting at the same time, that draw us instinctively to take sides with him.

Add to this the supreme quality that wins all the world,—Hamlet was a lover and his love was being undermined and thwarted. In the third scene where he does not appear but which he dominates, we sense the clouds gathering between him and Ophelia. Here we begin to realize acutely the isolation preparing for Hamlet. He has lost his father, is alienated from his mother, is divid-

ed from Ophelia, entirely out of place in the new court and, a prelude to future woe, a fateful Ghost hovers just beyond his horizon. He is being stripped of all that holds him to this world and is being set aside to grapple alone with a problem which will finally carry him, still alone, into the world beyond.

This is the Hamlet Shakespeare gives us within a few hundred magical lines, so that we seem to have known him all our lives and no matter what antic disposition he afterwards puts on, we shall always feel with his fortunes, mourn over his fate and remember him at his best.

His audience now in entire sympathy with the Ghost and Hamlet, Shakespeare's difficulty in getting the play off the ways is over. The great fourth and fifth scenes follow and the play moves with great power through the noble climax closing the act.

The first act of *Hamlet* is, to my mind, the most beautifully put together, the most carefully and closely written, of all like portions of the plays of Shakespeare.

LONELY

By Mary Irene Woodruff

THE loneliest sound in the world
Is the rattle of dry, dead leaves
In the dusty gutters of a city street;
The loud-mouthed, hollow boom of a fog-horn
Through dingy tatters of clammy gray fog
Drifting in from the cold Atlantic
On a raw November night.

The loneliest sound in the world
Is the low wail of wind in the tall pines;
The heartbreaking howl of a dog baying at the moon;
The dull, hopeless thud of the earth upon a loved one's coffin;
And the frightened cry of a child lost in the dark
Hungry and cold and alone.

THE HOUR

By Elizabeth Jordan

NORA DESMOND opened her morning newspaper at the page on which the death notices appeared and sent an eye flash down the obituary list. It was the first thing she looked at every morning in her newspaper, and she told herself with a sigh that she rarely turned to it without finding the name of an acquaintance or of a friend.

She was a woman in her forties and she had a wide social circle. It was amazing how many members of that circle were dying. They were women in middle age, like herself. They ought to have been in their prime. Yet they were dropping all around her, like soldiers on the firing line. In a way they were soldiers—social and domestic soldiers on the social and domestic firing lines. They were all busy, all nervous, all "rushed to death," all being hustled off to hospitals for "observation," or for operations. Or they were dying of pneumonia, or heart failure, or embolisms. They seemed to have no resistance to any disease that got hold of them. . . . She wondered which of them she would find on that list this morning. The list was getting to be something of an obsession. She dreaded looking at it, yet she was forced to . . .

She stiffened. She had seen a familiar name — a name, alas, as dear as it was familiar. Her breath caught and a haze came over her eyes. She could not believe that she had read the name aright; but she had, for now her vision cleared and she reread the notice, slowly and carefully.

BOUVIER: Suddenly, on April 13th, at Tours, France, Genevieve, wife of Edouard Bouvier, in the forty-first year of her age.

Mrs. Desmond crossed herself and exhaled a shaking breath. Almost mechanically, she prayed. It couldn't be Genevieve, her nearest and dearest friend: Genevieve, whose dolls she had grabbed when they two were in their perambulators: Genevieve, with whom she had roomed at St. Rose's school and Mount Mary College; Genevieve, who had been her bridesmaid and the friend of her heart through all these later years. Only three months ago she had visited Genevieve at Tours, and Genevieve had looked and seemed superbly well. And now Genevieve was dead, "suddenly" and her closest friend was reading about it in a newspaper. She'd get a cable, of course. But why hadn't she received it last night? Dead—"suddenly." That meant pneumonia, or heart failure, or a shock, or possibly an accident.

Mrs. Desmond was sitting up in bed, staring down unseeingly at her breakfast tray with its empty dishes and litter of mail. She had finished her breakfast and read her mail before taking up the newspaper. She was glad she was meeting this nightmare alone. Genevieve. Dead. "Suddenly."

The door opened and Mary, her waitress, came in with an eye on the breakfast tray.

"Shall I take it away, ma'am?" she asked with a smile, and bent to remove the litter of letters. Mrs. Desmond made a vague gesture. It was a day, then, when one smiled. She herself had smiled only a little while ago, when Mary had brought in the tray. The sun was flooding her cheerful room and the happy voices of children in the street came through her open windows. What was that Meynell sonnet—

"Joy has not gone from summer skies
Nor happiness from children's eyes—"

Mary lifted the tray and balanced it in her capable hands while she delivered a message.

"Cook asks can she come in and talk to you now about the master's dinner. If he'll want the Russian eggs, like he usually does, the caviar ought to be ordered early or it won't come in the first delivery. And the butterscotch sauce for the ice cream ought to be ordered at the same time."

Mrs. Desmond stared at her. The master's dinner? She remembered. Her husband had announced when he looked in on her before leaving for the office that he was bringing four business associates to dinner that night. They were to have a business conference afterwards—an important one, she gathered.

"So spread yourself on the dinner, old girl," her husband added cheerfully. "The best is none too good."

Mrs. Desmond received the cook. Eggs stuffed with caviar and in tomato jelly, of course. "Himself would eat them three times a day, ma'am, if we set them before 'm," the cook mentioned proudly. "Green turtle soup. Steak and kidney pie." All Tom's favorite dishes, which he was convinced all others liked as well as he did. And Genevieve dead—lying alone, stiff and cold, in her beautiful home in Tours . . .

"Yes, I'll telephone the orders right on," Mrs. Desmond promised the cook. "And I'll explain that they must catch the first delivery—" Odd that she hadn't received that cable. But of course it would come during the morning.

Mary reëntered the bedroom as the cook left, followed by the song of a vacuum cleaner being operated in the next room.

"Must that thing go this morning?" Mrs. Desmond asked dully.

"Yes, ma'am." Mary spoke firmly. "It wasn't used last week because of your committee meetings. Now, the lad's here with all his things—"

"Oh, very well." The sound of a vacuum cleaner wouldn't make things any worse. Genevieve was dead and Genevieve's best friend was still trying to grasp the fact.

"The dressmaker's here," Mary was announcing cheerfully. "She was in the building fitting Mrs. La Farge, an' she says it would save her a journey downtown to-morrow if she could slip that gray silk on you now. She wants to be sure she's got the tulle collar right."

"Very well. Show her in."

The telephone on the bed-stand tinkled and Mrs. Desmond held it to her ear while the imploring voice of an intimate friend uttered its plea.

"Nora, I'm in the most awful hole you can imagine. You know I'm having that luncheon to-day to discuss the bridge tournament at St. Rose's—and now Mollie Cummings

has just fallen out. Says she's sick, but I know better. Something more interesting has come along and she's simply letting me down. But I was depending on her, for she's the only member of my committee that really works. Won't you save my reason by filling her place? I need your support and advice desperately, and you always have such good ideas. Father Martin is expecting us to raise at least two hundred dollars . . ."

Of course all this simply could not be happening. It was merely a bad dream, and she'd wake up presently. In the meantime she must help Kate out. Kate could always be depended upon to help her out. Why fail one friend in an emergency because another friend was dead—or was she? Yes, the newspaper lay there. Mrs. Desmond heard herself speaking.

"All right, Kate," she said wearily. "I'll be there. One o'clock, isn't it?" She absently hung up the receiver in the midst of Kate's ecstatic thanks.

There was the dressmaker waiting to slip on the gray silk. Before she left Madame Olivier would have arrived, for the hour of French diction Mrs. Desmond took time for every Tuesday and Friday morning at eleven. It was because of Genevieve that she kept such a high polish on her French. Genevieve spoke French to perfection and Mrs. Desmond had no idea of letting her own French grow rusty from disuse. How often had Genevieve met her in Paris! How many enchanting weeks they had spent together in that city of enchantment! Now—would she ever care to go abroad again? Was it worth while to keep up her French any longer, if Genevieve was dead?

The telephone rang again. The voice of another friend came to her ear.

"Nora, I'm counting on you to go with me at five this afternoon to that sale for St. Timothy's Hospital. I promised Sister Estelle I'd have you there. Oh, yes, I know all about Helen Young's charity contract party this afternoon. I'm in for it myself. But play stops at five sharp and you and I can steal away together without waiting for tea. We needn't stay long at the sale, either—not more than half an hour or so. But we've simply *got* to show up and buy something. I've given my word to Sister Estelle for both of us."

"Oh, all right, dear."

Mrs. Desmond had for the moment forgotten about Helen Young's charity contract party. She was supposed to be there to begin play at half after two sharp. That meant a very early departure from Kate's luncheon, but Kate would have to make the best of it. Could she get out of the contract party? She could not, of course. That would be letting Helen and Sister Estelle down, and they had never let her down. French, luncheon, contract, sale, then home to preside over Tom's early dinner and tactfully fade away when the dessert had been eaten.

After that—a darkened room and a locked door and grief for Genevieve? No, after that a musical comedy with several women friends, to which she had cheerfully bought tickets over the telephone, just after Tom left the house, because Tom would be occupied with his conference all evening. The performance was for the benefit of the unemployed, and a friend had telephoned that the best seats were selling too

slowly. Would dear Nora help her out? Dear Nora did. Now she remembered that the performance was a musical comedy! Jazz. Dancing. Colored lights. Tableaux. All that—and Genevieve lying dead in her home at Tours. Her best friend lying dead, while she herself was not allowed one hour of peace and grief and prayer to mark her passing. Dear God, what a life one must be leading when one has not a quiet hour to mourn the death of one's most beloved friend!

A sort of mental frenzy seized her. What were these people, these engagements, compared with Genevieve? She could have shrieked aloud in her rebellion against them. What would Genevieve have done to-day, if Genevieve, in her distant home, had received the tidings that her friend Nora was no more? The answer came on the heels of the question. Genevieve would have "carried on." Genevieve always carried on. To carry on was Genevieve's creed. Pale and silent but outwardly serene Genevieve would have met her obligations, would have gone about her daily tasks. It would be no tribute to Genevieve to fail in meeting one's responsibilities.

Mrs. Desmond got through her day. The gray silk, the French, the luncheon, the cards, the sale, the dinner, the musical comedy, the jazz, the lights, the dancing. Never once did she lose the picture of Genevieve lying rigid in that distant room. Never once did she wholly lose the consciousness of that recurrent inner refrain, "Genevieve is dead." "Suddenly." If for an instant she seemed to struggle out of the horror of this nightmare the next instant brought it back like an overwhelming wave. Genevieve was dead. Genevieve had gone to her reward. Genevieve was with the beloved father who had died in her young girlhood and whom she had mourned all her life . . .

After the cards and the dinner and the comedy and the jazz, home, at midnight, and a glance into the darkened room where her husband lay asleep. Then, at last, after those nightmare hours, on to her own room—and to Genevieve.

For now at last she had her quiet hour of prayer and grief and memory. Now at last she knelt by Genevieve's side, in Genevieve's room at Tours, and watched the tall candles burning low, and prayed for her friend. She saw the door open softly and Genevieve's husband enter, stand for a moment with twitching features by his wife's side, and then creep away, like the restless ghost he would be that night. Poor Edouard, prowling through his ancestral halls, and trying to take in the knowledge that Genevieve was gone from him! So strong was the sense that she was there with him that she almost spoke—almost put out her hand to touch his arm . . .

Then memories. Genevieve and Nora as children, calling on and receiving each other with courtly grace. Mrs. Montmorency Montclair. That was Genevieve. Mrs. Suffrington Cadwaleder. That was Nora. Sipping imaginary tea, and making conversation about the ailments of their numerous imaginary children. Genevieve's oldest son, the one the family thought was Ping Pong, her pet boy doll, had been operated on for appendicitis—and Mrs. Suffrington Cadwaleder had splendidly stood by the suffering mother. The same year little Binky Cadwaleder had almost died of pneumonia, and oh, the tender

solicitude of Mrs. Montmorency Montclair, the ice packs, the fever charts! Later days. Days at school. Midnight feasts, parties, dances, friendly rivalry in and out of classrooms. Love and marriage. Genevieve as Nora's bridesmaid. Nora a year later as Genevieve's matron of honor. Holidays together at Tours, in New York, in Italy, in Spain. Such days, such days!

Mrs. Desmond was at her window now, sitting beside it, looking up at the pale sky. It was almost dawn. Her cable had come during the day, while she was going her hectic rounds, and now she still held it in her hands. Occasionally she repeated to herself its brief message, in a vain effort to take in its full meaning. But her eyes were dry and her spirit was serene, as Genevieve's would have been had Nora been in her place. For now Nora knew that Genevieve was not gone from her, and that Genevieve would never go from her. Genevieve was safe with God, but Genevieve would live on in her heart, as long as that heart beat.

All the memories of forty years, crowding into one silent night, had shown her how imperishable a part of her life Genevieve was. Genevieve as a mere baby, Genevieve as a plump little girl, Genevieve as a flapper. Genevieve as a schoolgirl, a college girl, *débutante*, wife, mother, friend, all dwelt in Nora's heart. They would dwell there forever. Nothing could take them away.

She thought of Genevieve's father, Michael Harrington, who had died when Genevieve was ten. But to Genevieve he had always remained a living, active figure in her life. She had adored him. She had talked of him constantly. She had modeled her life on the lines she had thought he would approve. She had named her eldest son for him. She had talked to her children about him by the hour. They knew this American grandfather who had gone to heaven when he was thirty-five much better than they had ever known their dignified and devoted French grandfather. To Nora, Michael Harrington had always seemed a living presence, because Genevieve had always made him so.

Looking out now at the gray dawn, peering in at her through her windows, Nora remembered a time when Genevieve had been in trouble—grievous trouble—and had cried aloud to her beloved father to come and help her through it. He had come that night—in a dream, others said; and had sat on the side of Genevieve's bed and had told her exactly what to do. She had done it, and the trouble had passed: and after that Nora and Genevieve had always spoken of the experience in hushed tones and had pitied those who talked of "dreams." He was still alive after thirty years of supposed death. He would always be alive—not so vividly alive as when Genevieve lived and talked of him, but still warmly, humanly alive in the memory of her children and her friends.

Genevieve and Nora would meet again. There was no question of that in Nora's devout soul. In the meantime, inspiration and memory. Inspiration to live a worthy, useful life. Memory! That was what made the beloved dead continue to dwell upon this earth as well as in heaven. Forgetfulness! That—and that alone—was earthly death for them.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

COMMUNISM is not a heresy within Christendom, it is the ape of Christianity, like it in all externals, but differing in its Spirit. It, too, has a Bible, which is Das Kapital of Karl Marx; it has its Original Sin which is Capitalism; it has its Messianic hope, which is the classless class and the godless race; it has its Law of Sacrifice, which is class struggle; and it has its Priesthood, which is the High Commissariat. It is like Christianity in all things save one; it is inspired not by the spirit of Christ, but by the spirit of the serpent. It is the new Israel, the new elect, the Mystical Body of the Antichrist.

—Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, at the Eucharistic Congress, Cleveland.

We had hoped that the Catholic religion professed by the Italian nation would, in spite of Fascism, have kept its Government free from that poison [the political philosophy which makes the welfare of the State the sole norm of morality], but seemingly we have been sadly mistaken. The Fascist, the Nazi, the Bolshevik all spring from the same diabolical root—the deification of the civil power. Fascism as a reaction from Communism has its attractions, but Catholics, at any rate, should be alive to the evil at its heart.

—Joseph Keating, S.J., in *The Month* (London), September.

There are millions of citizens who are heartily sick of being kept amused, like small children at a party, by coupons, by "comic strips" which are not comic, by sordid tattle about the marital ins-and-outs of film-stars, by unceasing discussions of the Modern Girl, and by the abridging of serious news to little more than headlines. If these millions would suddenly cease buying newspapers which they do not respect, the crazy edifice of ignoble journalism would come crashing down.

—*The Tablet* (London), September 14th.

Public and police have fallen into the habit of regarding gang murder as the sole concern of the criminal world that wages it, and, in fact, as a good riddance of bad rubbish from the standpoint of the decent citizen. But that is entirely to overlook the demoralizing effect which the toleration of murder as a normal underworld practice is bound to exercise on the whole community in the course of time. Children growing up in an atmosphere of the gang vendetta are apt to develop tolerant views about gunplay and violence in every walk of life. The ruffian who finds out how easy it is to stand up a rival gangster against the wall of a garage and shoot him down may be moved to try it out on a tradesman behind his counter.

—*The New York Times*, October 2d.

The odd notion is abroad, and more or less popular, that one may hope to understand the happenings of the moment and to pass wise judgment upon them without any comprehension whatever of the

forces and tendencies which have brought those happenings into being and which have made them what they are. What is known as genetics ought not to be confined to zoölogy; there is a genetics of the social, the economic and the political order as well, and also a genetics of morality and of intellectual expression and achievement. Unless genetics in these various fields is made an important part of the instruction given to youth, the younger generation must fail almost completely in any capacity to understand the world in which it ought quickly to be able to take a comprehending and a shaping part. This fact explains the floundering which goes on all over the world in the face of tendencies and problems which a knowledge of their origin and history would enable one fully to understand.

—Nicholas Murray Butler.

In the United States we have to reeducate each generation in the fundamentals of self-government and in the principles of sound finance. And we must have leaders able to defend the faith that is in them. When such masses of people are all too ready to run after a professed miracle-worker, it is essential that we have trained minds to confront the ignorant, to show to the credulous the error of their ways, and to keep alive and fresh the true tradition of democracy in which this country was cradled and brought to maturity.

—*The New York Times*, September 11th.

Good taste, in spite of the common belief to the contrary, is not instinctive but acquired. All native tastes are bad. The taste of the young in music is abominable, in literature execrable. . . . Most of the world's great music should never be heard for the first time. Good taste, in fact, grows slowly through effort and endeavor, the effort to understand what is beyond us, the endeavor to appreciate what we cannot yet understand. . . . In short, it is born of faith, the faith that the kingdom of Beauty can neither be purchased by dollars nor taken by storm, but must be approached by a process of trial and error, a willingness to learn, and the humility which is prepared to accept on faith and the judgment of others what it cannot yet dare to reject on its own.

—C. E. M. Joad, in *Scribner's*, August.

Don't get the impression that because prize fights fill Madison Square Garden the concert at Carnegie Hall is deserted. Not at all. But the same people don't go to both events.

—Harry Hansen.

Personally, I can't read a book like these Lansing memoirs without gagging. And not necessarily because I think America's participation in the European conflict to have been a blunder. It is Lansing's habit of mind that is distressing. Lansing believed in such phantasms as "civilized warfare." You will find his type of mind among Italians who are now getting ready to object to the "barbarity" of the alleged Ethiopian practice of cutting up corpses, and also among the Ethiopians who are now busy refining their phrases about the "savagery" of airplane bombardment and poison gas. Sitting in Washington, Lansing lacked the imagination to envisage the possibly "civilized" aspects of starvation in Germany induced by the British blockade. When statesmen

finally get it hammered into their heads that war is war, and that there is nothing civilized about it, then there may be less sophistry about the fine taste in poisons that caused Lansing to let the British off lightly when they interfered with American "rights" on the high seas at the same time that he was bearing down hard on the luckless Central Powers.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, reviewing *War Memoirs of Robert Lansing*, in *The New York Times*, September 18th.

Radio is the great modern paradox. A new means of communication with the masses, it has sometimes been used to fight the press; again, to go over the heads of the politicians or of governments. Its potentialities are socially tremendous; they have been used largely to popularize laxatives. Radio is entirely controlled by advertisers and as a result about ninety per cent of its programs range from the imbecilic to the disgusting. Yet radio can be made into a force for enlightenment perhaps even greater than the printing press.

—GEORGE SELDES, *Freedom of the Press*.

The stage indecency that seems most objectionable to this reviewer is the slimy and foul jesting that is offered in lieu of humor in a great many Broadway shows. Wit is sanitizing; animal gusto is healthy. Nearly everything that rises from a keen mind and a vigorous nature is good. But the sort of lewd jesting that runs through many Broadway shows smells not only of the middens but of the dead. Although it is no longer shocking to theatregoers who have sat through it a hundred times, it is a dull reminder of the staleness of the Broadway mind. All the dead have not been buried yet.

—BROOKS ATKINSON, in *The New York Times*, September 8th.

Liberty is under more severe, more bitter, and better organized attack than ever before in its history. The shackles of tradition, of feudalism and of absolute monarchy were child's play compared with the shackles that are preached and advocated so violently by the Communist and the Nazi-Socialist and the Fascist, none of whom believe in Liberty. They do not wish Liberty, and they do not intend that we shall have it if they can help it, because they have made up their minds that Liberty is a privilege and all privilege must be destroyed in order that the world may die in peace and quiet and at one and the same time through their vigorous efforts.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

WHETHER we are ultimately dragged in [to war] will be determined altogether by what public sentiment does about those who in the interest of commerce turn against this nation's efforts to remain neutral. The pressure will be powerful. Make no mistake about that. It will be powerful because the temptation will be great. That temptation in the course of time may lure everyone of us, because war with freedom of the seas in full swing does help business, and business hasn't been so good. Therefore it will be up to all of us to make the final decision. Can we stand the economic gaff? Or will we ultimately send our boys again across the sea to death or mutilation in order that business may thrive?

—The New York *World-Telegram*, October 9th.

A CONSPIRACY OF ERRORS

By James Owen Tryon

A FAMOUS criminologist recently made the statement that no one has been able to produce, in the record of the last hundred years in America, one well-authenticated case of the execution of an innocent person. But many such persons have had exceedingly narrow escapes from paying the penalty for crimes committed by others.

It is when we delve into the records of past centuries and the antiquated methods of criminal procedure employed in England and France, that the most astonishing travesties of justice are discovered. One of the most interesting comedies of legal error concerned the prosecution of the alleged murderers of Joseph Sevos in the town of Bresse, France, in what is now the Department of Aisne. It is more properly called a comedy than a tragedy, for though during its progress several persons were executed prematurely, they were all scamps who confessedly had been guilty of other heinous offenses and richly deserved their fates.

Joseph Sevos and Antoine Pin were both notorious and troublesome drunken roisterers of the village. Every Saturday it was their custom to go on a spree together. Saturday, February 19, 1724, they spent the entire day carousing and the next morning both had completely disappeared. Before long it developed that Pin had gone away and enlisted, but no trace of Sevos could be found. The Procureur du Roi, an official corresponding to our District Attorney, was one Jean Frillet. When nothing had been heard of Sevos for several days, Frillet took action. Rumor had it that Sevos had last been seen at the house of Joseph Vallet, a brickburner, and the Procureur du Roi had a personal grudge of long standing against Vallet. Then, too, murder was murder, even though the victim was a no-account like Sevos. If there should prove to be any truth in the gossip that Sevos had been murdered by Vallet, here was a chance for Frillet to make trouble for his old enemy and, at the same time, be performing his duty.

Frillet filed an information charging that Joseph Sevos, after having eaten and drunk at Vallet's house on the 19th of February had disappeared; that evidence had been produced tending to indicate that Sevos had been killed that night and buried under a woodpile and that some days later the body had been dug up by the murderer and thrown into the fire under the brickkiln, where it had been consumed.

The principal evidence in support of these charges was furnished by an individual named Vaudan. He stated that he was passing the Vallet house at about 4 A. M. on the morning of the 20th and heard a voice within the house crying "Help! Mercy! I will confess!" Another voice, which he recognized as that of Joseph Vallet, replied, "I don't want you to confess; you must die!" Then came the sound of a scuffle and of blows being struck, after which

Vallet and his wife came out of the house carrying a body which they placed on the ground near the kiln and covered over with pieces of wood from the woodpile. Vaudan, claiming to have been greatly frightened by what he had seen, remained in concealment behind a hedge until the Vallets had returned to the house and closed the door, when he ran away as fast as he could go. Other witnesses testified that on the day mentioned they had perceived a strong odor, such as that of burning flesh, about the Vallet kiln, and other phases of Vaudan's story were corroborated by a witness named Maurice.

Upon this evidence an order was issued for the arrest of the entire Vallet family. If any proof were needed as to the animosity held by Frillet against the Vallets, the subsequent proceedings made it evident. The arrest could have been made by the prosecuting attorney in a quiet and orderly manner, with the assistance of one or two policemen. He chose, however, to march upon the Vallet house at the head of a small army of police, followed by the greater part of the villagers, who were much excited by the proceedings and eager to have a hand in them. No attempt was made to protect the property of the arrested man and the house was almost totally wrecked by the mob. The Vallet family were put in chains and carried off to solitary confinement in dungeons. Frillet made no effort to search for evidence of the crime on the premises and later on, when the idea of doing so did occur to some one in authority, it was too late to discover any clues in the wreckage.

The military authorities arrested Antoine Pin and sent him home to add his testimony to the case against the Vallets. This took the form of an alleged voluntary confession of complicity in the crime. He and Sevos, Pin said, were eating and drinking with the Vallets in their house on February 24th. A quarrel arose and Vallet seized a heavy tin can and struck Sevos to the ground with it. Vallet's wife, with a fire-shovel, and his son Philippe, with some other weapon, joined in the *mêlée* and the three of them belabored Sevos until he was dead. "Even then," Pin alleged, "Vallet kept on beating the dead man and wanted me to beat him too, but I refused." The Vallets then buried the dead man near the kiln, said Pin, covering the spot with wood, but on Good Friday they dug up the body and burned it. "I know that," he said, "because on that day I called at the kiln and not only smelt the burning but saw the burned bones in the furnace." Vallet, Pin further alleged, had bribed him to leave town and keep silent.

In spite of the strong case which seemed now to have been made out against them, the Vallets persisted in maintaining their innocence. They pointed out to the authorities that blood had been found in Sevos' own house, which could not well be accounted for if Pin's story was to be believed. "Was it not reasonable to suppose," asked Vallet, "that Pin himself had been the murderer and that the deed had been done at Sevos' house?" But the authorities refused to investigate this angle and condemned the whole Vallet family to the rack.

An appeal was taken to the Parliament at Dijon. That body, though appearing to have no doubt of the guilt of the Vallets, put Pin upon the rack as an accomplice in the expec-

tation of obtaining a confession of something more than a passive participation in the murder. The second application of the torture produced a confession quite different from that which had been expected by his judges.

Pin now professed himself anxious to tell the real truth. Since early youth, he confessed, he had been guilty of a number of crimes of robbery. On one occasion, in the year 1722, he had encountered young Philippe Vallet on the highway and had robbed him of his money and clothes. Philippe had not recognized his assailant, but Joseph Sevos had chanced to be a witness and had since often taunted his comrade with the fact that he had it in his power to send him to the scaffold.

On the night of the crime, while Pin and Sevos were drinking with Vallet in his house, Sevos drew out of his pocket a bag containing two hundred francs in silver, the sight of which put into Pin's head the idea of getting possession of the money and at the same time ridding himself of a dangerous acquaintance. On their way home he suggested to Sevos that they stop at the latter's house for something to eat, and this they proceeded to do. Pin went out to a nearby bakery for a loaf of bread and, on the way back, stepped into his father's house and picked up a hatchet which he concealed under his coat. When a convenient opportunity arose he struck Sevos down with the hatchet, robbed him and carried the body to the stable, where he covered it with manure. He had then lost no time in running away and enlisting. The Vallets, he admitted, had had nothing to do with the crime.

"Why, then," asked the judges, "did you so falsely and maliciously accuse them?"

To this he would give no satisfactory answer.

"Vaudan, however," he added, "the good-for-nothing scoundrel, can tell you something if you can find him."

Pin's story having been duly written out and his signature attested, he was broken on the wheel, the idea of saving him to assist in further investigations or to testify against others never seeming to have occurred to the judges.

When Sevos' house was examined no traces of the crime could be discovered nor could any body or trace of a body be found. If Pin's confession was the truth there should at least have been some bones under the manure. The authorities were puzzled. They regretted their haste in removing Pin from the scene. Vaudan was found and arrested, but he told the same story he had first told and refused to retract it.

However, like most of the villains in these old cases, Vaudan eventually became conscience-stricken. The rack, cruel and unjust as it was, at least had the effect of often extracting the truth from the guilty. The pity of it was that the innocent so frequently were made to suffer the tortures. It dawned upon the judges, after a study of the record of the case tried at Point de l'Aisne, that several persons had sworn to having seen traces of blood in Sevos' house and that the very hatchet which Pin said he had used had been found there. Why, then, it was asked, had the District Attorney done nothing about this angle of the case? Why had he made no attempt to arrive at the truth, but directed all his efforts against the Val-

lets? While being interrogated as to what he knew about this feature of the affair, Vaudan suddenly experienced his change of heart and confessed that his story of the crime had been false from beginning to end. No sooner had Vaudan admitted his perjury than he was hurried off to be executed, in complete disregard of his value as a witness in the proceedings yet to come.

There was still another witness to be examined, however—the man Maurice, who had corroborated Vaudan at the earlier trial. Maurice was also put to the rack and it was not long before he, too, confessed that he had testified falsely. The Procureur du Roi, Maurice said, was the originator of the plot against the Vallets and had paid him well for his testimony. Maurice, having signed his confession, was promptly executed. The Vallets were set free and a warrant issued for the apprehension of Frillet, the Procureur du Roi. But that worthy, warned of his danger, fled to Savoy and took refuge in a monastery.

Apparently this ended the case. Although no *corpus delicti* had been found, three persons had already been executed. The Vallets, financially ruined but with their freedom and reputations restored, were busily engaged in rebuilding their shattered fortunes. Several years thus passed when, one day, business required Pierre Vallet, the youngest son of the family, to make a trip to Bourg. There on the street he met face to face a man whom he recognized at once as Joseph Sevos. At first he could hardly believe his eyes. Sevos was dead. Pin had been executed for his murder and Vaudan and Maurice for perjury and conspiracy to fix the blame upon innocent parties. But when Sevos, perceiving himself to be recognized, started to run, young Vallet realized that this was no figment of the imagination. He seized the man and turned him over to the police, who sent him to Dijon.

At first Sevos was obstinate and refused to make any statement, but threat of the torture persuaded him to tell the truth. Pin's story, he stated, was true except that he (Sevos), instead of being killed by Pin, as the latter thought, had only been stunned and recovered his senses after the would-be murderer had fled. He crawled out from beneath the pile of manure in which Pin had buried him and, when he was satisfied that his assailant had gone, went to his house and locked himself in. He was in mortal terror of Pin and did not dare leave the house.

Finally, after two days, when his supply of food was running low and careful watching from behind closed shutters had satisfied him that Pin had either left town or was himself in hiding, he mustered up courage to go at night to the house of Frillet, the Procureur du Roi. That worthy listened to his story and urged him earnestly to leave town, telling him that Pin was a dangerous character and that if he knew that his supposed victim was still alive, would never rest until he had made an end of him. Sevos, a timid man, claimed that he had followed this advice and had since been a wanderer from place to place until his discovery in the town of Bourg.

If this account was to be believed, clearly Frillet was guilty of a cruel and malicious persecution of the Vallet family. Unaware of Sevos' reappearance and believing the furor against himself to have died down, Frillet had left his sanctuary

and come to Dijon. He was promptly arrested there and brought to trial. With characteristic effrontery he asserted his opinion that the Parliament had been even more in error than he had been, having gone to the extreme of executing Pin for a murder which had never been committed. Popular sentiment ran strongly against Frillet, however, and it was suspected that he had used some more persuasive argument to induce Sevos to leave town than merely playing upon his fears. Sevos, feeling himself safe again at last, now intimated that he might add to his story, but before he could do so, he died suddenly. There were those who said that Frillet might have had something to do with the sudden demise of this dangerous witness against him, but this was never proved. Frillet, nevertheless, was condemned to death.

The former Procureur du Roi succeeded in bringing influence to bear at Court and his sentence was commuted to banishment for ten years. But he was not to escape the fate which seems to have attended all who were involved in the cowardly persecution of the Vallets. As the jailer opened the door of his cell to bring him the tidings that he was free to leave the country, he dropped dead from heart failure.

LOVE AND FEAR

By Kenton Kilmer

THERE was a time when thoughts of death
Lay lightly on me as a cloud
Torn by the breezes' changing breath—
Now by their weight my soul is bowed.

Before I fell in love with you
I cared not if I lived or died.
The fear that came on me like dew
Now sweeps upon me like the tide.

I fear to lose you by my death;
Fears of your own gird me about.
How slight a thing is human breath,
And life, how easily poured out!

Yet should you die no more would fear
Oppress my heart and bow my head,
For death to me would then be dear
And my desire be with the dead.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

FARCE AND TRAGEDY

"THERE'S so much room in Shakespeare to turn round in," remarked Alfred Lunt. "No dramatist, old or new, gives you so much. You can read the same speech with one idea behind it one night and you can try it with another the next. In that way it's like the Bible. With Shakespeare, I suppose the actor's greatest problem is filling up the space he finds himself in."

Within the folio of *The Taming of the Shrew*, the Lunts have found a sparkling, witty farce with the underlying emotion that all good farces must carry. Without the emphasis on those passionate undertones, their *Shrew* would be just another classic comedy with animated costumes. Now it gets those same spontaneous laughs that are the backbone of musical comedy.

Of course, as the Lunts have pointed out, some credit must go to Shakespeare. As one actor to another they have been careful to read all the useful hints given in the text as to staging of the poet's bit of fun. Garrick, in his revision, threw out the prologue of the Duke's practical joke on the drunken tinker and the entrance of the Strolling Players, but Augustin Daly was good enough showman to appreciate their value. As we seem to be one of the few reviewers who can remember Daly's production, we add that we saw it as a child, when Ada Rehan, red-headed, beautiful, alive with Irish wit and temper played the Shrew almost every year for a decade. Then came the modern dress version of Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis which accentuated the horseplay and slighted the poetry. The triumph of the present *Shrew* is that all the charm of the Renaissance setting has been preserved with no hurt to the humor.

Claggett Wilson has created a very pleasing and practical built-in set with balconied palaces and a movable back drop and from the moment that Sly (Richard Whorf) includes the audience in his infectious grin to the magnificent entrance of Petruchio on his grand make-believe charger, there is all the freedom and jollity of the Commedia delle Arte as the players rush on with tumblers and dwarfs and capers.

Perhaps the Lunts have even given a good hint to Shakespeare in cutting Katharina's first scene with Bianca and building up a splendid suspense with her offstage battles and fleeing victims as we wait to see her with Petruchio. What a scene that is! At one point Petruchio makes love holding a chair in his hands for protection as Claude Beatty does when admonishing his tigers. The wedding is a picture by itself with the snow falling and the great church doors, ending with shouts as Katharina is borne off backward on an old nag. A most amusing touch for Petruchio's house is the four

varlets warming their backs, marked with P over four little braziers, and a bit of original business is Petruchio making his starving wife hand over the fruit she has stolen, oranges from her bodice, a pineapple from her pocket and sausages from her sleeves. Mr. Lunt, who gets comedy out of almost every line, is also not ashamed to show that taming a shrew is a very exhausting business. Nor is Miss Fontanne too proud to appear badly muddied after her honeymoon ride. She delivers the famous speech on wifely duty at the end, not in the completely grand manner of Ada Rehan but with sure appreciation of its beauty. So appreciative were the audience of a thoroughly happy entertainment that they were reluctant to leave. Our advice to our readers is in the words of Christopher Sly:

"Well, we'll see it.
Come, Madam Wife, sit by my side
And let the world slip."

But alas, no world slipped at the latest *Othello*. Here is Shakespeare in fustian and upholstery. The tragedy is smothered in the brocaded hangings that obtrude themselves at the sides and cover a rounded excrescence in the center that looked like a mammoth tea cozy. Every so often the tea cozy was lifted to reveal a miniature set but there is no hint of the mysterious beauty of Venice by night nor of the great naval struggle raging outside between the Cross and the Crescent. The fact that Desdemona followed her Lord through storms and shipwreck to Cyprus is slighted and the playwright's cunning in transporting the action to the hotter and exotic clime is overlooked. Never is Miss Gladys Cooper, the amorous little Venetian who loses her head over a handsome Black, "a violent commencement"—as Iago puts it. Miss Cooper is the very pretty Miss from the best English finishing school. A great disappointment is the stagy villain of Mr. Kenneth McKenna's Iago, and Mr. Merivale, great actor that he is, cannot lift his Othello out of the general artificiality and stuffiness. So removed from life is the entire production that when Emilia is stabbed, she lies on the floor like a dog without anyone moving to help her.

Fortunately *Macbeth* with the same company has much more vitality. Of course it is a finer play, but Miss Cooper did evoke emotion in the sleep walking scene and Mr. McKenna earned compassion and applause as MacDuff. Mr. Merivale's Macbeth was so nervously distraught from the first that it is no wonder that his hair turned gray by the last act. It seemed a rather hurried accomplishment of a task for which he lacked enthusiasm. There was so much room left over for action in the lines of all the cast and so little room left for action on the stage, where again the upholstery dominated and muffled the tremendous import of the knocking on the doors. But what a sweep of imagination and wisdom and beauty there is in almost every line. For every opportunity to hear *Macbeth* one must say Thank You.

WINTERSET.—

"Blood in my veins, singing like music
Because I love you."

But because Mr. Maxwell Anderson has expressed the poetry of his

thoughts in metered lines a buzz of interrogation has arisen, for the scenes of his latest tragedy are no longer in the courts of kings but the slums round Brooklyn Bridge. *Winterset* is like a strong man in politics—it fulminates praise or abuse. It becomes a challenge to a dinner table—it preëmpted the front page of the Sunday *Times*. To one man it is a great experience and to the next—a bore. Personally we urge you to see it because we believe that Mr. Anderson is doing one of the most beautiful things that a poet can do—he is interpreting everyday life in universal terms. He shows us nobility among the ignoble.

The theme is a struggle against human injustice and concerns Mio Romagna, the son of a fish peddler, who sets out to clear his father's name from the accusation of a murder for which he has been executed. A poor American Hamlet pitting his defiance and ideals against the powers of the underworld. In a cellar under the shadow of the Bridge, they all come together out of the storm: Trock the killer and his henchmen, the Powers of Darkness; the old Rabbi who is full of compromise; the judge, who has lost his mind; the fumbling police; Mariamne, the child who has faith, and Mio, who is fearless in his *"fortiter recte."* There is no sunlight in Mr. Anderson's tragedy which has germinated from the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, but there is a love scene that wings itself to the great towers of the Bridge. If Mio whispers,

"A white chalice—flower of flame
That is your face,"

instead of saying, "Gee, you're a peach," isn't it fair for the poet to translate the thought in his heart? Hasn't Forain taken quite as many liberties with the strokes of his pencil when he pictures a court room? If Mary Stuart may speak unchallenged in verse, must poetry be confined to an aristocratic past and denied to the present? And after all, so quick with life are Mr. Anderson's lines that the boy who went with me never knew it was verse!

Guthrie McClintic has given a new direction and incentive to the American stage in this production. Brooklyn Bridge, which is New York's best splendor, looms vastly against the sky in Jo Mielziner's set. He has also created a composition of value in the cellar where Mariamne stands out in her red frock. There is a suggestion of Laura Knight in the scene with the hurdy-gurdy. Richard Bennett has capped his career with the poor fuddled judge and Burgess Meredith has taken another long step up as Mio. Ciannelli as Trock, leads the deadly phantoms of the night. *Winterset* may not be cheerful, but it has made articulate the spirit of youth that can cry out even in the gutters:

"This is the glory of earth-born men
and women,
Not to cringe, never to yield, but
standing,
Take defeat implacable—"

—*At the Martin Beck.*

PATHS OF GLORY.—Up to the final chapter, Mr. Humphrey Cobb's cruel story of the World War was a great tragedy. We had to close the book before the last few pages. And so too at the ending of the play; it is then that part of the audience becomes hysterical. Their hysteria

takes the form of laughing which is very disagreeable. We turned to the woman in the next seat and asked her what she found funny in a man having his leg broken? "If I don't laugh, it will get me," she said, and then began to cry. Death can be tragic and yet beautiful when men meet it with dignity, but when men lose their faith and their courage, death becomes messy and hysterical. Mr. Cobb descends from tragedy to horrors. In his bitter picture of the War is revealed a secret scandal of the French army. A General is offered an Army Corps if he take an avowedly impregnable position for political reasons, and when an exhausted crack regiment fails in the drive, the General orders one man out of every company to be shot as a reprisal to his baffled ambition. Of course the three men chosen are the three pollus whom we have come to know particularly well, but Mr. Cobb, not satisfied with that, sends the gangster to the firing squad full of tipsy ribaldry while the young married man loses not only his faith but his nerve and the gallant Corporal crazily tries to choke the priest. That is when his leg is broken and the audience laughs.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins, and Sidney Howard, who dramatized *Paths of Glory*, have given us a vivid picture of the trenches—the callousness of the high command; the humanity of the Colonel and the high drama of the court-martial. William Harrigan as Corporal Didier becomes the focus of the play.—*At the Plymouth.*

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—This is the Soviet *Box and Cox*—the first really human Bolshevik product. The murky mists that seem mentally to envelop Moscow are suddenly shot through with a flash of humor. If Russia can once more laugh at herself, then her head must be clearer. Katayev's comedy is a homely, rollicking farce about two young Communists who share a room with a poet. When the poet is sent to develop his muscles on a Collective Farm because he has something the matter with his foot, both the young men decide that the extra space thus left would be handy for a wife. One marries a girl who has a primus stove and the other a youth leader who has a package of books. The latter arrives with a tooth brush as surplus luggage, but the "nonpartisan" Ludmilla not only brings a real bed but such dreadful bourgeois gimcracks as a canary and a rubber plant. The leader of the municipalized apartment building shouts that they will all lose their ratings if the canary isn't liquidated. But the district organizer, beaming over this "Collective Paradise" (Ludmilla has divided the apartment into two with a line of chalk), decides that the canary won't stop the revolution, and Ludmilla defines "bourgeois" as "anything that s o m e one else wants." Bourgeois and medieval are the two worst epithets in Soviet parlance although one young Communist does call the poet a "czarist remnant"!

David Morris, Eric Dressler and Albert Van Dekker are likable and funny as the three roommates. It is comedy of the vintage of Gilbert and Sullivan and full of jollity.—*At the Lyceum.*

REMEMBER THE DAY.—I have heard that the Benedictines have so much sympathy for the members of the community engaged in the ac-

tive task of educators that special privileges from fasting, etc., are extended to them. The world at large underestimates, underpays and usually overlooks the unselfishness, the enthusiasm and heroic perseverance of the men and women whose horizon is bounded by our classrooms. The irony of Mr. Higley's wise and tender play is that Dewey Roberts owed the first ideals of his successful career to the pretty teacher whose name and existence he later forgot. As she waits, middle-aged and commonplace, in the hotel lobby to see her star pupil go by, we are shown the days when Dewey was kept after school by Miss Trinell to write in sprawling lines across the blackboard "I Beg Your Pardon." Those were the days when Miss Trinell had her own share of romance with the young athletic coach. Dewey fought to clear her name from gossip and would have lost his idealism had she not been clear-headed enough to set him straight again on his course. All she ever has of life is that vicarious victory—the reliving of life in her pupils that is the average teacher's reward.

Mr. Philip Dunning who has collaborated with and produced Mr. Higley's first play has given it full sympathy with Francesca Bruning's delicately colored Miss Trinell and Frankie Thomas as Dewey. Mr. Thomas, Sr., by the way, is Mr. Roberts, and as Mrs. Roberts, Jane Seymour is most amusing. It is a play of sentiment in its finer sense with honest schoolboy humor. A nice play all the way round.—*At the National.*

IF THIS BE TREASON.—It is, at any rate, the best peace play so far produced. The idea is adventurous but hardly more implausible than life itself. Another hero might have faltered when the news that Japan had invaded the Philippines reached him the night of his own Inaugural Ball, but President John Gordon was a Pacifist with a P as big as his office. Congress, indeed, might declare war on Japan over the President's veto, but as the President then automatically became Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, not a gun could be fired until he gave the word. Impeachment is obviously the next move, but before Congress could get its breath, Gordon had landed in Tokyo to make a personal plea for peace to the Japanese people, and by that time the American people were behind him. Once the people of the world refuse to fight, then governments may make or break treaties as they like.

The Theater Guild has given Dr. John Haynes Holmes's timely propaganda a generous production, and the opening scene of the secretary and reporter glimpsed through a mirror as they struggle with their white ties for the Ball, is an amusing trick. Tom Powers, as the Japanese Premier, is outstanding in presence and make-up, but McKay Morris is too statuesque to be dynamic as the President, while Dr. Holmes, being a man of words himself, has not the necessary awe of them required in the theater. Some of the able discussions would have been more trenchant if more terse. But after suffering the horrors of war across the street at *Paths of Glory*, it is splendid to be inspired for a struggle for peace. We congratulate Dr. Holmes and the Theater Guild on their contribution to the greatest of modern crusades.—*At the Music Box.*

A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE.—Written as a highly emotional drama by the former wife of a famous producer with no very tender purpose, the MS. was read by Mr. Roland Young and with him as the protagonist, the brimstone has lost all sulphuric fumes and the drama bubbles down to a pleasant little comedy. It really is impossible for Mr. Young to make anyone dislike him; even when he confesses with fireworks to his misconduct, the blame seems to float over and settle upon the young lady. When his much abused and long suffering wife slams the door behind her, one merely rejoices to find that Mr. Young will pursue her. As the wife, Miss Mary Philips gives such a finely sensitive and human performance that it would have scored deep emotion in a stronger play, and as it is, becomes a bulwark of honest support to the comedy.

The first act, in which Mrs. Faber is trying to get her husband off on the steamer for his London opening, offers Mr. Young his best opportunities for being his amusing self. Mr. Young's Faber is conceited and selfish and spoiled-childish but the unscrupulous, megalomaniac—faintly shadowed in the action—has vanished from the lines. Isn't it a delightful gift to be able to turn cads into gentlemen and bitterness into laughter?—*At the John Golden.*

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—Trials have been overdone. Not even the novelty of having a jury chosen from the actual audience every night and being paid for rendering an original verdict can infuse the necessary interest in the fate of the brazen but beautiful young mistress of the great financial Cagliostro or Kreuger who is the offstage hero of the play. It is no fault of the excellent cast provided by Mr. Al Woods with Walter Pidgeon creating an unhackneyed type of gunman and Sarah Padden with her blatantly direct and flat-footed Amazon of a Swedish housekeeper.—*At the Ambassador.*

MOST OF THE GAME.—Even John van Druten must occasionally write a totally unimportant play. This, described as a light comedy is lightened chiefly by the efforts of James Bell as the free Western private secretary to a blasé young British playwright. The playwright and his titled wife find greater sympathy respectively with a very young Oxonian and a movie star and that is about all there is to it.—*At the Cort.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Like a bad dream it pursues us!—*At the Forrest.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—The amusement provided by the stranded movie queen is still enjoyed *At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—A superbly acted play with a moral lesson and a dangerous theme.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES!—But it doesn't "go off." Instead it has moved its popular comedians and stinging satire to the *Forty-sixth Street Theater.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—The only successful farce of last season. This one is now being presented all over the world; it is funny but very inelegant.—*At the Playhouse.*

October

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER.—When a bootlegger, turned into the owner of a brewery, with a wife and daughter setting their caps for social recognition, rents a house at Saratoga and finds the corpses of four old-time business associates in his spare bedroom, what does he do about it? Such an untidy way to leave a rented house, remarks his wife. There is no surcease of action and very little action without laughs in this new George Abbott farce which is also entirely clean and decent. The cast is of the best.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

MOON OVER MULBERRY STREET.—An inept drama on the excellent theme of the new generation in conflict with the old people in an Italian family.—*At the Mansfield.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

CATHOLIC LIBRARIES AND CATHOLIC ACTION

SINCE the beneficence of Andrew Carnegie gave impetus to the development of free libraries the growth of public libraries in the United States has been steady and widespread. The intention of Carnegie was that every hamlet should have library facilities so that the ambitious and those with a thirst for knowledge might have the opportunity of learning. To that end he contributed millions of dollars for the construction and equipment of free public libraries.

The wonders of the American public library system need no exposition here. The Carnegie buildings are a concrete reality. Library publications are filled with reports and statistics of what proportion of the population reads and what it reads. That eighty per cent of the enormous number of books circulated in free public libraries are fiction, good, bad and indifferent, somewhat dilutes the impressive showing made by the grand totals. No one, on this account, doubts the utility and even the necessity for libraries. The inflationary dimensions that the library idea has assumed are the inevitable result of high pressure development to which every activity of American life is exposed. We, as a people, do things in a large way.

Reading and learning, like schooling and education, are erroneously thought to be expressions of cause and effect. Perhaps when only the few could read then the readers became the learned, and when the schools were for the few then only those who passed through them became the educated. Modern education is a controversial subject but no one will deny that all can and do read. The reading habit has become universal and even the abundant facilities of the public library system cannot satisfy the demand of the reading public for more and more new books. Large numbers of people rely upon the circulating libraries almost entirely. The rental library, or as it is more popularly known, the circulating library has flourished in response to this demand. One or more can be found in almost every neighborhood. Within recent years thousands of

such libraries have been established. If statistics could be kept of the circulation of these libraries, the figures representing the reading of fiction would greatly exceed the figures for the circulation of nonfiction and would swell the grand total when added to the obtainable figures of the public libraries. In these librairies the call is ever for more and more new books. A glance at the advertising columns of any of the well-known book review journals shows that literally hundreds of new books are produced each month. The publishers easily meet the demand of this important channel for the sale of their enormous output.

The works of writers of sound literary reputation are not in demand in circulating libraries except in the case of "best sellers." But there is a constant flow of mediocre and less than mediocre writing by unknown writers, and much trash. Very much of the stock in trade of a circulating library would not be purchased by a public library in the palmiest days of generous book funds.

Hundreds of magazines appear weekly and monthly on the newsstands. There must be a market for them or they could not continue publication. A glance at any street car crowd shows every second person immersed in some kind of print, magazine, newspaper or book. The fruit of literacy is apparently reading—no matter what. The citizen who does not read is rare indeed. True, publishers lament that the public buys no books and book sellers hover always on the brink of bankruptcy. Yet the public reads avidly, insatiably, and generally trash. Those who have attempted to provide only books of literary merit for the patrons of circulating libraries have been forced to capitulate or close their doors. Having painted this discouraging picture who will have the temerity to establish Catholic circulating libraries? Nevertheless it has been done, and so successfully that it is not too much to hope that almost every large parish will support one or more.

Of course, the history of libraries is also the history of great church libraries. The Catholic library is no new thing under the sun. There is to-day the Catholic Library Association embracing the institutional libraries of the universities, theological schools, and religious orders, but a parish library worthy of the name is rare. Here is a branch of Catholic Action of the greatest significance. It presents an opportunity to canalize the reading habit and make it into a thinking habit, to feed the streams of reading matter from the springs of truth. Catholics are no more eager to read quality literature than are any other group, nor are many of them interested in books of great spiritual import. Reading for entertainment and relaxation makes up the largest proportion for them as for all other readers. The Catholic rental library in the hands of the right librarian, who in addition to professional qualifications has a modicum of apostolic zeal, has a field of unlimited possibilities.

First there is a barrier of prejudice to overcome. Very many Catholic teeth are on edge with the old-time Sunday School or Sodality library consisting of a shelf or two of devotional books in sad bindings and an array of juvenile fiction devoted to the satisfaction of the indiscriminating appetite for stories.

Anything for the more mature taste was conspicuously absent. Catholic novels have earned a bad name for exaggerated religiosity and absence of literary quality, but once make available the good things of literature, not necessarily by Catholic writers, but conforming to a high standard of writing and of good moral tone and there is no room for complaint. If proper methods be employed works of a different character can be brought to the attention of readers. Many of the foremost writers of the day in the fields of biography, essays, history, economics, etc., are Catholics who present the Catholic point of view and whose style, once savored, creates a taste for only the best. Fiction may still lead in the circulation figures but it will be good fiction. A pleasant place to browse among the books, a quiet place to read, Catholic periodicals and papers—the possibilities are great.

All this has been demonstrated at the Paulist Circulating Library in San Francisco. Attached to the famous church known as "Old St. Mary's," it was established in 1930 as an adjunct to the activities of the Catholic Truth Society. To-day the library has more than 3,000 volumes and a large paid membership that is steadily increasing. Housed in attractive quarters at the rear of the church and facing on Grant Avenue at the entrance to Chinatown, the library has two large display windows where pamphlets of timely interest are shown together with new and important books. In the well arranged interior near the charging desk there is a display rack offering an assortment of recent accessions. Here is Christopher Dawson's splendid *exposé* of Fascism, *Religion and the Modern State;* Arnold Lunn and J. B. S. Haldane's interchange of controversial letters on the Existence of God, *Science and the Supernatural;* two good novels, Naomi Royde-Smith's *Jake* and Sigrid Undset's *The Longest Years;* Father Feeney's latest book of poems *Boundaries,* and Daniel Sargent's *God's Ambuscade; The Letters of Dorothy and William Wordsworth,* edited by Ernest de Selincourt; Gerstle Mack's *Cézanne; The Freedom of the Press,* by George Seldes; *Government in Business,* by Stuart Chase, and *Man, the Unknown,* by the Pulitzer Prize-winning biologist, Alexis Carrel. These titles are indicative of the quality of the collection as a whole. The shelves behind show a well-filled reference section as well as sections devoted to biography, religion, essays, travel, poetry, fiction and history.

Because of its downtown location, attached to a church which enjoys a large noonday attendance from the financial and shopping districts, the membership is from all parts of the city. Many are the business people who rely upon it for the best new novels, and everything from the pens of the great modern Catholic writers is in constant demand. Although not extensively advertised the librarian has received inquiries from various sections of the United States, from British Columbia, New Zealand and Australia. Many of the Paulist Library readers are non-Catholics, who have learned that the quality of literature offered is only the best, and others who seek information and instruction look to it for guidance. The resources of a good library are indispensable for the effective conduct of the Catholic Study Club. The Study Club at Old St. Mary's is fully aware of the ad-

vantages it enjoys in this respect. As study clubs are established in other parishes the necessity for library facilities other than purely recreational will be apparent.

Recently the editor of the San Francisco Catholic Weekly, *The Monitor*, has been advocating parish libraries modeled on the Paulist Library — envisaging a central library with a branch system throughout the city. The possible realization of this idea is not unlikely and a more remote possibility may be the operation of a bookmobile for rural parishes. But all that is in the future.

The service of a Catholic library of the caliber of that at Old St. Mary's is sure to be appreciated and encouraged by the Catholic reading public who are certainly as well educated as any other class in the community. Aside from the recreational reading offered, the power of the printed word is great and for the enquiring mind, the right book is often an important factor in awakening faith or convincing one who hesitates upon the threshold. A book may be indeed the "cup of water given in My Name." The Catholic circulating library can be a potent force for effective Catholic Action, keeping before the Catholic reader the main currents of Catholic thought, making available the mind of the Church in the writings of her eminent ecclesiastical and lay writers and exposing him to the inescapable contagion of her sanctity through the spirituality of her saintly doctors.

"Patience," says the great St. Teresa, "accomplishes all things." Let not the Catholic librarian despair because her clientele prefers the *The Masterful Monk* to the *Summa* of St. Thomas. At that, *The Masterful Monk* is wholesome reading, and the great American public, a very large proportion of whom are university educated, bought more copies of Chic Sale's *The Specialist* in the year of Our Lord 1929, than any other book of nonfiction.

Sweet are the uses of publicity and with some effort and proper exploitation the parish library will be assisted to grow. What has been accomplished at Old St. Mary's can be achieved elsewhere.

The Paulist Circulating Library has justified the vision of its founders and owes much to the successive pastors who have fostered its growth. It has struck its roots deep and will bring forth fruit in due season.

ANNETTE WINDELE.

LEGEND OF SAINT MARTIN

SAINT MARTIN was a kind, gentle Saint. He was generous, too, although, like most of the Saints, he was endowed with few of the world's goods. But what he had he shared. It is said of him that he once cut his coat in half so that he might share it with a cold, shivering beggar.

Once he set out for Rome, making the journey on foot since he could not afford to buy or to hire a mule for the occasion. The Devil who had already been defied by the Saint, sought to win by mockery what he had failed to win by temptation, and he turned the full blast of his scornful wit upon the foot-sore pilgrim, mocking and jeering

at him for a fool. This failing, he resorted to temptation again, offering Martin a fine carriage drawn by four horses. Martin refused, and the Devil commenced jeering again.

At last the Saint turned the tables upon his enemy for, with a wave of the hand and a silent prayer, he changed the astonished Devil into a mule, mounted his back and drove him all the way to Rome, belaboring him with harsh words and hard kicks for a lumbering, lazy beast.

The Devil, nearly worn out by the treatment he was receiving (he had not expected so meek a man as Martin to treat him in this manner) called to him:

"Stop kicking me, can't you? I'm doing my best to get you to Rome as quickly as I can! For the sooner you're in Rome, the sooner I'll be rid of you!"

Ever since that time, the Devil has abhorred all Saints on principle but Saint Martin in particular.

For many hundreds of years Saint Martin's Day—or Martinmas—was kept with much joviality and feasting in England. Every farmer killed a goose and fetched out his best wine on the night of November 11th, and he and his household drank to the Saint and all that he stood for.

But that custom, like many another, is now dead and forgotten.

IVY O. EASTWICK.

Nova et Vetera

Saint Angela and the Ursulines

Once established in the popular—and pious—mind as patroness of young girls, the cult of Saint Ursula spread rapidly over Europe. The Sixteenth Century saw it at its height; and when a well-born and far-seeing lady of Lombardy conceived the design of founding a religious order for the education of little maids, it was but natural that she should place it under the blessed martyr's protection. Angela de Merici, subsequently canonized as Saint Angela, was born in Desenzano, a tiny town on Lake Garda. Early orphaned, and adopted by a wealthy uncle, she was generously educated and wisely counseled. There was not a great deal to be taught four hundred years ago (quality rather than quantity set the standard); but it is to the credit of Angela's imagination, no less than to the credit of her intelligence, that she proposed to teach girls in the systematic and orderly fashion common to the monastic schools for boys. If this instruction was to be more than a brief and perishable experiment, it must be entrusted to an order of nuns who would carry on to other generations the principles of their foundress. In her efforts to bridge the gap between the scholarship of the few and the contented ignorance of the many, this devout feminist appears very modern. It would almost seem as though the cherished idol of our day, literacy, had appealed to her robust intelligence.

There were difficulties to be encountered and overcome. Lombardy evinced no zeal for the education of its daughters, and the Church was wisely reluctant to recognize new religious orders. They sprang up like nettles, and would have choked her path if she had not weeded well. Angela strove for seventeen years to carry out her purpose, and the eighteenth year saw the little school established at Brescia, under the care of twelve women who received ecclesiastical sanction and were permitted to wear a habit, but who were never recognized as nuns. It was not until 1572, years after the death of their foundress, that the Ursulines received, through the patronage of Saint Charles Borromeo, the status of a monastic order. The Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, at all times as acute as he was holy, desired their presence in his city "to direct schools for little girls." He therefore obtained from Pope Gregory the Thirteenth a decree authorizing them to live in community, to take perpetual vows, and to create new foundations. The desire of Angela de Merici's heart was realized after that heart had been stilled, and the survival of her life's work was assured. . . .

Now the foundress of the Ursulines was a very holy woman; but she was also a pioneer. She essayed to do something that had not been done before, which proves her to have been moved, like Saint Ursula, by the spirit of adventure. Saint Charles Borromeo, being himself en route for canonization, honored no

doubt her holiness; but what he wanted was schools for girl children, schools which should be intelligently conducted, and have the quality of performance. That he thought well of the system of instruction which Angela had carefully outlined is shown by his counseling the nuns whom he established at Milan to adhere to it as closely as possible: "Follow the footsteps of your sisters in Brescia," he said. "There did your venerable mother plant the tree which has borne good fruit." He also ventured to assert that convent schools would spread over all the Christian world: A prophecy which has been amply fulfilled. . . .

The Ursulines were not general-utility nuns. Their purpose was to teach, and they were trained for no other work. But four years after they had been established in Milan there came to the doomed city the most terrible visitation of the plague that Italy had ever known. The part played by the cardinal archbishop in those awful days is now a page of history; but his humble adjutants in the field have been less highly honored. All we know is that when those days were past, the survivors in the Ursuline convent, few in numbers, haggard, spent, and sad, received from Pope Gregory a blessing, and a word of commendation for their valorous services.

In 1596 the order was established in France by Françoise de Bermond, canonized later by Pius the Seventh. She appears to have been a capable and humorous woman, whose recorded maxims have a trenchant quality suggestive of that model of all nuns, Saint Theresa. The great Carmelite, who detested wordy arguments about trifles, would have relished Françoise's counsel to her novices: "If you have any opinion on a subject under discussion, state it, give your reasons clearly and modestly, and then stop!" Advice which, if followed, must have made the convent recreation hour a pleasurable experience.

It is said that when the Ursulines came under the favorable notice of Pope Paul the Third, and he bestowed on them his formal approbation, he observed to Saint Ignatius Loyola, "I am giving you sisters." The Jesuits have always been well affected to the order, a circumstance which accounts for the summons to Quebec in 1639. Père Coton, the Jesuit confessor of Henry the Fourth, was a firm friend. The Queen, Marie de Medicis, frequently visited the famous convent in Paris, founded by Mme. de Sainte Beuve; and there the little Dauphin was brought to recite his catechism to the nuns, and to play at ball in the spacious gardens. This was the first house to be strictly cloistered. . . .

There is no need to dwell upon the part which the teaching orders have played in France. For centuries French women have been what French convents have made them; and other nuns have assumed a more important rôle than the Ursulines in the training of these capable, understanding, and dominant wives and mothers, who seldom mistake the shadow for the substance, and who are content to bear the burden inseparable from ascendency. The noteworthy characteristic of Ursula's daughters is their valorous spirit. It carried them as far afield as it had carried the saint —to the snows of Quebec, and to the winter roses of New Orleans. In the Reign of Terror it brought twenty-seven of them—a goodly num-

ber—to the finality of the guillotine. They played true to form when the Revolution tested the courage of its antagonists. It is said that the populace of Avignon, where part of the twenty-seven met their deaths, evinced a not unnatural irritation at the alacrity with which these "pious hypocrites" prepared to die; and of those who were guillotined at Valenciennes it was remarked: "They did not walk to the scaffold, they flew." A solitary nun, Angela Lepont, escaped for some unknown reason the fate of her companions. She lost her chance to suffer for Church and King; but she survived to reëstablish the community at Valenciennes, and to see little schoolgirls coming and going as sedately as though no whirlwind had swept France clean of all that was best and worst. Perhaps, when the work of reconstruction was heavy on her hands, and ineffaceable memories saddened her heart, she dreamed, like the maid Kovdula, of her happier companions winging their flight to Heaven:

"The old road to Paradise is a crowded way."

—From *Mère Marie of the Ursulines*. By Agnes Repplier (Copyright, 1931, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y.).

The Priest and Modern Thought

The advertisement columns of the newspapers testify every Saturday to the prevalence of the belief among the Protestant clergy that it is their duty to comment on the latest pronouncements of the scientists and to draw edifying conclusions from them. For the most part, they are quite incompetent to do so. But competent or incompetent it is not their business. If men want economics they will go to economists, if they want biology they will go to biologists. They will be extremely foolish if they go to priests for either. The Church has her own sacraments to dispense, her own message to proclaim. To offer a congregation the latest speculations of the scientists is to proclaim the bankruptcy of the Church.

There is a story of an old lady who, on seeing the film *Quo Vadis*, exclaimed: "What splendid evidence for the truth of Christianity!" Not thus has the Catholic Church in all ages retained her hold on the greatest intellects. Louis Pasteur was content to receive the Blessed Sacrament from a simple Breton priest and to hear expounded in his parish church "the faith that was once delivered to the saints." It is permissible to doubt whether he would have listened very respectfully to the speculations of his parish priest, or even of his bishop, on the question of spontaneous generation.

It is too commonly assumed that the scientific attitude is valid for all departments of life. This is not so. The realm of experimental science is the realm of the measurable. Even when we take science in its highest form, as the pursuit of ultimate truth, it does not represent the principal activity of the parish priest. An impeccable proof of the existence and attributes of God may, in some circumstances, move the heart and soul no more than a demonstration that any two sides of a triangle must be greater than the third. Behind the medical practitioner lies the impressive corpus of medical science which should be available for his use, and at the back of the priest is theological science. In their daily practice neither the

one nor the other should be a scientist.

Science is concerned with measurement and with numbers, and not all the facts of experience are facts of science. The emotion felt by an individual on reading a poem by Shelley, the religious excitement felt by a worshipper at Mass, are both facts of experience. Neither of these facts in what is individual and incommunicable about it—that is to say, in its most vital element—can be said to belong to science. It cannot be repeated. But that which cannot be repeated has no scientific value. In this fact, we have at once the strength and the limitation of scientific knowledge. By its general validity it creates the impression of being the one real certainty in a world of uncertainties; by its necessary neglect of the individual it gives us the feeling of explaining the world by leaving out all that most matters.

We have quoted a definition of science as dealing with what is "actually or potentially common to all normal people." But the doctor of soul or body dealing with his penitent or his patient is not concerned with "all normal people"; he is concerned with the individual before him. Science is interested in what is common to a number of cases; its task is generalisation. The priest and doctor have to concern themselves with what is peculiar to one man or woman.

"Are there many that shall be saved?" may be a question for the scientific statistician. Not so, "what shall *I* do to be saved?" We know with reasonable accuracy, how many people will die in Great Britain in the next twelve months, how many will have cancer, and so on. But science cannot tell us *who* will die and *who* will have cancer. It is equally foolish to deny the claims of science in its own sphere and to try to establish a sort of scientific hegemony by applying them to spheres in which they are inoperative.

The model for the priest in the modern world is surely St. Paul.

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of Christ.

"For I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"That your faith might not stand on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God."

There are many evidences of the apostle's dialectical power. He might have left us many speculations of his own on the theories of those contemporary Greeks who "employed themselves in nothing else, but either in telling or in hearing some new thing."

He recognised that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." The lesson unceasingly given to the early Church by its apostolic mentors is to keep the deposit of the faith, not to add to it, nor to take from it. If the mistake about Galileo has taught us nothing else, it should serve to remind us that the Faith must not be linked to the speculations of men.

There is every reason why the speculative intellect should be seeking ever fresh light on new knowledge and the old faith. It can do no other. As far as our pastors are concerned, however, their attitude towards scientific speculation is largely negative. They have to warn their flock against dangers,

and such warning will usually be given better to individuals than in sermons. There is a banquet of the intellect which, as Belloc says, is one of the keenest joys known to man, but it all seems very small and poor in that supreme moment when the priest says the words of consecration and God is really present in the species of bread and wine. Then all the mumblings and stutterings of new physics, psychology and all the rest of it dwindle to very little, and ignorant and learned alike can echo the words of the master:

"I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones.

"Yea, Father; for so hath it seemed good in Thy sight."

—From *The Faith and Modern Science*. By George Temple, Ph.D., D.Sc. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.).

Foreign Periodicals

The Haves and the Have-nots

Wherever public opinion abroad is free, the common sense of every nation would surely agree that the pre-War system which inevitably led to war must be wholly abandoned. Only in the young and ignorant can the war-spirit be aroused to-day, and only in countries where human liberties are suppressed by dictators.

However, the spectacle of a Power apparently determined to throw the whole world again into confusion rather than submit its grievances against a weak and helpless nation to arbitration, has caused men to discuss more thoroughly the conditions needed to form a sound basis of peace. It is not enough to point out that there is no real profit in war; that war, as Herr Hitler himself has more than once proclaimed, settles nothing; that even if one nation benefits in some measure thereby, its losses are likely to be much greater than its gains, whilst the rights of the international community to peace and order are grievously violated; that, above all, the evangelization of the world and the cause of Almighty God everywhere suffer immense harm, even if the war is just. All these considerations are apt to be set aside when national pride is affronted and rights infringed and passion aroused. . . . All that experience has to teach was provided by the late War: the lessons are still there, written in blood and tears, for all who wish to study them: the most fundamental of all, which is only now becoming obvious, being that men are so constituted by their Creator that they will always resent injustice, and that, accordingly, to expect any considerable group of men, much less a great and organized community, to accept permanently a status which denies some essential right of theirs and assigns them a position of perpetual inferiority to their fellows, is to think as a fool.

Collective folly of that sort entered into and vitiated the very essence of the Versailles Treaty, and that is why the wholly-Christian conception of a League of Nations has never been adequately realized and why all endeavors to prevent the Great Powers from preparing for another war have proved quite fruitless. . . .

There can be no doubt that the Nazis would never have been able to attain absolute power had not a sense of grievance, born of defeat and intensified by continued Allied efforts to make defeat permanent, pervaded the masses of the German people. And much of the dissatisfaction which Signor Mussolini exploited to make himself supreme arose from the sense that victorious Italy had got little from the War except some "rectifications of frontier," and was contemptuously passed over in the assignment of Mandates. The result is that these two Totalitarian States, as long as their régime of autocracy lasts, are peculiarly capable of making trouble on the grounds of the highly disadvantageous conditions in which

whether by accident or design, they are placed. And until the causes of their vigorous resentment have been removed, there seems no possibility of securing world peace.

Hitherto, no attempt to satisfy them has been made—nay, there is no general recognition amongst the contented Powers that they have a right to satisfaction. Consequently, their sense of violated justice will not allow them to rest: they are preparing to exact by force the equality which no one seems disposed to grant them willingly. And their threatened recourse to war has inevitably reacted upon the others, who may have to defend their possessions against them. Need we look to any other reason why the attempt to reduce and limit armaments during the last three and a half years has had only the ludicrous effect of increasing them? Despite protestations and pacts, the Great Powers are still living under war-conditions, because two of them firmly believe that they are being, and will continue to be, unfairly denied their rights.

As has been implied, the Italian threat against Abyssinia, the object of which, as Signor Mussolini has frankly stated, is to give his countrymen "another Italy beyond the seas," has had the good effect of at last forcing the above fact upon public opinion. Obviously in consequence, Sir Samuel Hoare suggested at Geneva on September 11th that, as "abundant supplies of raw materials appear to give peculiar advantage to the countries possessing them," provision should be made for "the free distribution of such raw materials among the industrial countries that require them, so that all fear of exclusion or monopoly may be removed, once for all." This is the first notable evidence of any willingness amongst the "Haves" to share their advantages with the "Have-nots" and, though the step is a short one, at least it leads to the only possible way to peace. Those "patriots" who shy at the least national sacrifice—the outcry which greeted Mr. Eden's mere suggestion that Abyssinia should be given access to the sea at Zeila showed how unfamiliar the idea is—and who quote complacently the adage *"sero venientibus ossa"* as the last word of wisdom in the matter, will presently have a rude awakening. For, if the claims of one of the Have-nots may possibly be resisted for a time, the two together are strong enough to pull down the pillars of European security. And though Germany and Italy at present differ in regard to Austria, their common resentment at their limitations may finally inspire common action in order to shake them off.

This is, alas! one of the international drawbacks of dictatorship. For the term of their power, both Hitler and Mussolini, changeable and nor overwise men, with no clear principle of conduct but the false one that the State is above the moral law, can commit their whole people to courses of action dictated by narrow national selfishness without any thought of wider and more remote consequences. Nor can they be trusted to keep their word if immediate self-interest suggests the breach of it. They are bound to be hostile to any system of collective action, since they recognize no higher good than the welfare of their own nation, and no stable right unless it can be maintained by force. Fascism and Nazi-ism are twin brothers, both antinomian in essence; until they crumble through

their own inherent viciousness, the only right policy is to remove the grievances in which they find justification for their existence, and thus hasten their downfall. We are accustomed to say that Communism can best be overcome by treating the proletariat with justice and charity, and admitting them to the amenities of life, of which their undeserved poverty deprives them. Similarly the despotisms can best be overthrown by showing their victims that they can obtain their rights from other nations, without having to surrender all forms of civil liberty into the hands of those who undertake to vindicate them. . . .

After all, the best security is to be found in making friends with possible foes, and the best way of making friends is by showing kindness. The chance of doing so at Versailles was almost irreparably lost, and the wrong direction then taken was blindly followed in the succeeding years till the nations are now further apart than before the War. Germany as a Great Power is determined to achieve unity and security and prosperity just like any other, and, as at present led, is seeking these things by force. How is she to be satisfied and brought back again into friendly association with the rest? How, indeed, are the author of *Mein Kampf* and his fellow-dictator south of the Alps to be made "good Europeans"? Nothing will make them so, except some measure of revision of Versailles, as Versailles itself contemplated, and especially some recognition of their need of overseas dependencies. . . .

To sum up: The peace of the world lies in the agreement of seven Great Powers, in what regards their unity, security and prosperity.

That agreement will never be reached, whilst *de facto* four of them have advantages the lack of which forces the other three into conditions of inferiority and permanent unrest.

Accordingly, to secure the common boon of peace founded on justice, the four must be ready to sacrifice whatever may be necessary to rectify the balance.

They will not lose in the long run.

—JOSEPH KEATING, S.J., in *The Month* (London), October.

THE HOLY SCOTTISH ISLE

Discipuli pacis persecuti sunt! I did not fully realise the significance of the recent open onslaught on the Catholic Church in the Scottish capital, in the name of Scottish tradition, till I woke up some days after the Eucharistic Congress, in a little fishing boat which was taking me to the island of Barra. The almost pious rhythm of the boat, after the hearty hot meal I had consumed in proudly confident immunity from sea-sickness had put me to sleep, and sleep on waves which vibrate all the passions and moods of the Atlantic makes any ordinary waking unwelcome. But this was a waking to a deeper sleep—the great conscious sleep of a living peace.

Barra Island is peaceful even under the despair-laden white mist usually associated with the Hebrides, but on the morning of a hot cloudless day, when the calm, warm sea is more infinitely blue than the Mediterranean, its peace is incomparably more sublime.

In circumference the island measures about twenty-five miles. Its shores have never known Knox, and apart from a few stories of the priests having to go up the hills to

make Mass (a local idiom more liturgically accurate than the recognised usage of any European language I know), the Penal Laws have left no mark on their mature calm. The few intruders to the coast during penal days had not dared to desecrate such vast peace. Feudalism, which radical Protestants love to associate with the Catholic Church is as exotic to Barra as is Bolshevism to the Isle of Wight. The land is divided into crofts, small farms whose owners earn a humble livelihood by the sea and the soil. It is hard to make up one's mind whether it is that there are no landlords in Barra or no tenants, for the structure of this incarnate Utopia transcends the terms of ordinary political science and staggers the pessimism of ordinary party theory. The independence of each of the families which together make up this terrestrial heaven is so complete that it is difficult to describe to the average London politician. The strife which brought politics into being as a science has not arisen in Barra, and a physician may like to contemplate a perfectly healthy community, but he scarcely likes to live there if he has any aspirations to fame.

To a visitor from the cities, the peace of this Catholic isle is rapturous enough. The clear, pale blue eyes, the dark hair, the kind, rich lips—strangers to the puritan contortions of the lowland Scots—the mellow voice, too caressing to soar, too stately to caress, the Celtic warmth in the un-Celtic regularity of feature, in a background where the white seagulls whirl over that still blue ocean whose unassailing waves lap unassailable rocks, all seems to fill the utmost crevices of the soul with the full peace of an island of God. But this everyday quiet is almost noisy when once one has knelt with the fishermen in the arms of the Moment of the Elevation, in the little rock-built church at Craigston, the oldest on the island, a hundred yards from these easy blue waves.

There are a few Protestants on Barra: they have come over from the mainland. I sometimes wonder if Cardinal Newman wrote his famous definition of a gentleman after a visit to Barra. For Protestants in Barra elicit as much wonderment as a Cistercian monk at a seaside pavilion, and the chastened surprise which the islander is too polite meagerly to smother on greeting the visitor to Catholic peace, together with the heaven-wide welcome and the towering fortitude of faith, is the open and eternal secret of this island of Christian gentlemen.

—Gunnis MacGregor, in *The Tablet* (London), August 31st.

Fascism

When times are evil, when troubles follow one another so fast that they bewilder even more than they hurt, then, when men are paralysed into inaction, the cry goes up: "Something must be done." When the struggle against odds is evaporating in discussion and discussion falling into mere chatter, the phrase that runs from mouth to mouth is, "We want deeds, not words." And that is the opportunity for the man who will use words to promise deeds and, when the opportunity comes, can and will put deeds not only before words but even, when time presses, before thought, one who will do something even though it be merely something.

If, further, the collapse is due in part at least to the endless assertion of individual rights claimed in the abstract, cut off from duties either to God or to man, he who can act can call others to obey and demand discipline in place of libertarianism. It is likely that he will go on to assert the right of the strong to rule and of bodily strength to put an end to debates.

But he will need also to persuade. For this he will appeal to the emotions rather than to reason, and evoke instincts rather than refute arguments. When eventually he has to give an account of his actions, and provide a philosophy for an accomplished fact, it will be in keeping with his beginnings and his situation if he asserts that will must take precedence of intellect. In politics, at least, truth will be what the leader declares, and there is always the possibility that his *fiat* may be set up as a substitute for the moral law. Nothing then remains but to transform loyalty into worship centred upon the State made man.

Such is part of the truth about Fascism, whether we take the term to refer solely to the Italian original of what Mussolini at first declared was not an article for export, or mean by it a method and spirit of political action pursued in whole or in part, in achievement or in aspiration, wherever there is the hour and either the man or a mummer.

But it is not the whole truth. This method in politics belongs to a great historical movement. The theory and practice of Liberalism in politics and economics succeeded, in the course of a century or more, in destroying utterly the organic character of the western European States, or what was left of it after they had ceased to be corporately Christian. It reduced them to hordes of heads for counting or hands for hiring. And at the same time as it robbed men of their status upon earth it undermined their hope of a place in Heaven. The time had fully come for a return to an integrated society in which men might live as members of one another and the whole body should be directed to their common end. And the method commonly called Fascism is put forward as one of the ways to this reintegration. . . .

To repair the damage done to the social organism by Liberalism, to bring back social solidarity and to inspire the whole with a common end are the aims of Fascism and also of ourselves. On the nature of the end to which society should be oriented we stand with all Catholics in affirming that it is to serve the collective needs of men in their journeying to God. The tendency of all forms of Fascism is to make the State its own end, and men its servants. Here there can be no affinity between Fascism and Catholics.

And this difference as to the final purpose of social solidarity should impose on all great caution concerning the Fascist prescriptions for attaining it. Not that they are all evil in themselves—far from it. To extol action has its uses, and there are times when it is of more importance that the sick man should move a limb than that he should move it this way or that. It may be an act of statesmanship to put an end to debating in assemblies which represent no real interests but only floating or even manufactured opinions. The principle of authority is essentially Catholic, at least when understood as meaning

that the ruler is directly responsible to God as well as to the people and must put God's will before the people's wishes.

But when action, discipline, authority and social solidarity itself are being promoted with no Christian motive, still more when they are to lead to a godless State or to a god-state, then it is not well for Christians to join with their promoters. Nor is it easy to be sure that they will not be misused unless there is proof positive that those who use them have in mind a Christian State. And in the wrong hands (and hands indifferent to religion are wrong hands) they could be among the most dangerous of weapons against religion and, in the existing trend towards totalitarianism everywhere, almost certainly would be.

We believe this to be true even of the corporate principle when in Fascist hands.

—Editorial in *The Catholic Herald* (London), August 17th.

Recent Events

New Catholic Paper in India

For some months past plans have been maturing for the weekly publication of a paper called *The Social Order*, founded in Allahabad, India, by a convert from Mohammedanism, T. Beltie Shah Gilani. The first issue is appearing on All Saints' Day. The new paper of sixteen pages is in English but vernacular editions are planned for different provinces as soon as arrangements for printing have been completed. It is designed to enlighten the people and to lead the statesmen to apply the social principles of the Popes to conditions in India, where a real danger from Communism threatens. *The Social Order* will present world news from the most reliable sources, will invite discussion in matters of interest to the people, and will advocate the cause of Indian cultural heritage in the light of modern conditions. The Catholic World welcomes this new Catholic publication from the East.

Important Pronouncement by Mexican Bishops

At the end of September, fourteen archbishops and bishops signed their own names and, as they were authorized to do, the names of the other members of the Mexican hierarchy who could not be present, to a petition addressed to the President, Lazaro Cardenas, asking abrogation of the Law for the Nationalization of Property, promulgated in August, and amendment of certain articles of the Federal Constitution. "Every Constitutional law of Central and South America," the petition said, "is completely favorable to the liberty of education and of religion. Such legislative mandates are found also in the laws of Poland, Roumania, Italy, Belgium, Holland, etc., so that it is no exaggeration to affirm that all nations in the vanguard of civilization respect in a real and effective manner religious liberty and liberty of education, and not one of these has absurd and unjust imperatives such as those that motivate this petition."

The amendments asked were that in Article 3 there should be recognized the right of private schools to teach religion, and it should be declared that the education imparted in the official schools should be neither atheistic nor antireligious, nor should it be in opposition to, either in thought or practice, the natural rights of man, nor foment class hatred. The petition objected to the "artificial transgressions" established by the "Calles Law," and asked that religious associations be authorized to possess both real and personal property necessary for their maintenance and for public worship, and finally that all dispositions contained in Article 130 which directly or indirectly may be contrary to religious liberty should be abolished. The petition insisted, on the evidence of the Constitutions of many other States, that these suggested amendments would be neither exceptional nor extraordinary.

NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

DURING the week of September 22d, Cleveland, Ohio, was the scene of the Seventh National Eucharistic Congress. Devout throngs of people overtaxed the huge public Auditorium and the Stadium where the sacred events of the Congress were held. His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, was the Papal Legate, and he preached at the Pontifical Mass on Tuesday and at the Mass for the children on Wednesday. In his first address His Eminence stressed the close contact of our present Holy Father with his world-wide flock by means of the radio and by his interest in such gatherings as the one at Cleveland by the appointing of a special Legate to represent him. "Non-Catholic eyes," said the Cardinal, "that are sympathetic towards us and even those that are not, are compelled in some shape or manner to pause seriously and marvel at the unique solidarity of the Church of the ages, which in her unity and power rises above all time, all place, all racial, national, political and social relationships. This undying faith and this unbroken unity present a startling phenomenon to the world,—a cold historic fact,—fixed more securely in the life of man than the stars in the heavens above us.

"The heights and depths of grace and benediction," continued His Eminence, "which the Congress reaches are made possible because of the oneness of faith, the oneness of worship, the oneness of authority, the oneness of obedience and the oneness of being united to a supreme head. The unity, the power and the wisdom of Catholic Action, to be emphasized during the Congress, can only be realized by discipleship with Christ through His Church, that is, through union with His Altar, with His doctrine, His Vicar, His Bishops, and His Pastors of souls."

In a beautiful address to the children the following day, the Cardinal Legate told them that children as a body are more like the image of God than their elders because childhood was so enveloped by "the innocence of Baptism, the purity of the Holy Eucharist, and the unction of Confirmation." He pointed out the striking examples from Holy Scripture of God's preference for children: Samuel, David, Daniel and his three companions, and in the New Testament, the touching words of our Lord about children. He urged the children to frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion.

President Roosevelt sent a message which was read on the opening day by his representative to the Congress, Postmaster General Farley, who also made an address. The President stated that such conferences and religious gatherings as the one at Cleveland "are vitally necessary for the welfare of our people and our nation." He quoted the words of George Washington: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports," and added: "Religion aids all because it teaches that we are all children of one Heavenly Father and that the same Heavenly Father aids us. Without it no nation can long endure. It is most significant that from our beginnings to this day we have unfailingly championed its free exercise, and encouraged it by the protection of our laws and our institutions."

An important address was made to the priests at the Eucharistic Congress by the Right Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D., rector of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in New York. Monsignor McMahon spoke on "The Liturgy, Inspiration of Catholic Action." He said that the liturgical revival begun in the last century by the Benedictines was one of the outstanding religious movements of our time, and Pope Pius X. had asserted that the restoration of the truly Christian spirit can be achieved only by the active participation of the faithful in the liturgy. The word etymologically means "public work," said the Monsignor, and technically the work of serving God. In the West it includes Mass, Sacraments, Divine Office, and Pope Pius XI. declares the liturgy embraces every holy thing used by the Church to encourage devotion. Its primary purpose, he continued, is to teach us how to pray worthily and rightly.

Monsignor McMahon devoted a considerable portion of his address to the question of music in the liturgy, quoting the statement of Pope Pius X. that, "sacred music as an integral part of the solemn liturgy has a share in its final purpose which is the glory of God and the sanctification of the faithful," and he demonstrated the superiority of liturgical to private prayer no matter how holy this may be. For "the liturgy," he said, "not only unites us to God in the safest and sublimest form of prayer but vividly brings to us the realization of our incorporation with Christ, the way of salvation."

In the sectional meeting devoted to the Catholic press, where various editors spoke, the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, emphasized the word Catholic in the term Catholic Action. "If we be Catholic indeed," said Father Gillis, "we shall quickly recognize any issue that demands the universal outlook and we shall automatically think and write in such wise that our opinions and judgments may be applicable to all the world and to all time." He urged the Papal phrase *"Urbi et Orbi,"* as a good motto for Catholic writers and editors. "We must be supra-national," he continued, "supra-racial; we must look at all questions in the light of universal wisdom and consider them *sub specie æternitatis*, or we are not Catholic. A true Catholic is not opposed to German tyranny or Italian tyranny; a true Catholic is opposed to tyranny."

Continuing, Father Gillis asserted that the limitation of secular journalists lies in the fact that "they are considered interpreters of their own times, and they glory in being 'of their day.' Only the Catholic," he said, "has the universal outlook. In our day it seems only the Catholic believes in eternal principles of universal application." This, he added, has come to Catholics, "not by specially profound study, but by Catholic inheritance and Catholic tradition. Unless we have something that others have not," Father Gillis went on, "there is no reason why we should continue to exist. Catholics have a long, long memory of the past, a prophetic vision of the future, the power of seeing the present in the light of eternity and of judging the incidents of the day in view of the principles of unchanging truth and justice."

The final scene of the Congress took place on September 26th in the Stadium with half a million people

in and around the huge place. The voice of the Supreme Pontiff was carried by radio and over loudspeakers not only to those gathered in Cleveland but to the whole nation. He expressed his joy in saluting his dearly beloved children in the United States and said, before imparting his blessing: "With earnestness We have desired to share with you in the spiritual sweetness of this rich feast, and to join Our prayers and intercessions with yours, to obtain an ever-renewed, an ever-greater increase of faith and Catholic life and action in the battle for moral uprightness and for modesty and decency; to deprecate the unspeakable material and moral havoc of wars and their dire aftermath of tears and sorrow—an action which We can never sufficiently commend; to implore that peace so much desired by all—peace to those who are near and peace to those who are far; and to supplicate at least a less intolerable burden of life for a world worn to exhaustion by the ravages of the great depression."

Italian Army Invades Ethiopia

Without any formal declaration of war Italian bombing planes and troops crossed the boundary into Ethiopian territory on October 3d. The day before there had been a tremendous demonstration throughout Italy. It was estimated that 20,000,000 Black Shirts had gathered in all the public squares of cities and towns to listen to an impassioned radio address from *Il Duce*, after which he telegraphed to his generalissimo in Africa to advance the next morning at dawn. Count Galeazzo Ciano, son-in-law of Mussolini, led the squadron of planes. In Geneva a spokesman for Italy said they were merely taking military police measures to establish order in Ethiopia. Two days later, President Roosevelt recognized "a state of war" existing, and under the provisions of the last Congress issued a proclamation making effective an embargo on the exportation from this country to Ethiopia and Italy of arms, ammunition and implements of war. The following day another proclamation of the President warned Americans against sailing in ships of either of the waring nations.

The Italian forces continued to advance into Ethiopia and took Adigrat and Adowa, the latter with considerable satisfaction as it avenged the defeat of the Italians there in 1896. Meantime, the Council of the League of Nations had been busy in Geneva, and four days after the fall of Adowa, found the Italian Government guilty not only under Article XII. of the League of Nations Covenant but under the Pact of Paris of August, 1928, which both Italy and Ethiopia signed. Then followed some days of discussion as to "sanctions." Finally, on October 10th, fifty-one governments voted to uphold this verdict and to apply economic and financial sanctions. Two, Austria and Hungary, voted against the application of sanctions, "for the present." The League put an arms embargo on Italy and lifted the embargo against Ethiopia. The British refused to relay a proposed speech by Baron Aloisi to America, and it was reported there was increased agitation in London for the closing of the Suez Canal. Even the *coup d'état* which overthrew the Greek Republic was interpreted as a move against Italy possibly instigated by the Brit-

ish; it resulted in General Kondylis becoming Premier and Regent pending the restoration of the former King George II. who is in England.

Death of Father Carey, Paulist

After a long and painful illness the Rev. Michael J. Carey, C.S.P., died on October 12th at the age of sixty-one. Father Carey was a native of Boston. He joined the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle and was ordained in September, 1901. After a brief term of service in the New York parish of the Paulist Fathers, Father Carey spent several years at Old St. Mary's, San Francisco. Then, successively, he was stationed in Toronto, Washington, Minneapolis, and back again in Toronto, where he was assigned when he was stricken with a fatal illness. While Superior of the House of Studies in Washington, Father Carey taught dogmatic theology. He always had a deep interest in, and was well read in Church History, and he had a remarkable and wide acquaintance with all the best things in music. He was a man of deep spirituality and gave much of his time to the spiritual direction of various religious communities.

Father Carey was laid to rest in the vault of the Paulist Church in New York. The Superior General, the Very Rev. John B. Harney, C.S.P., was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem, and the eulogy was preached by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of The Catholic World.

May his soul rest in peace!

Catholic University Day

Announcement has been made from Washington that December 1st will be Catholic University Sunday in eighty-four dioceses of the United States. Sermons and lectures will discuss the aims and ideals of the University, and prayers said and financial aid sought for the continued growth and success of this Pontifical institution which is owned and directed by the bishops of the country. The University now has one of the largest graduate schools in the country, attracting students from over forty States and from fourteen countries. Over 8,000 Sisters have gone forth from the Sisters' College which is part of the University. The most important source of income for the maintenance of the Catholic University is this annual collection.

Our Contributors

SCOTTISH-ENGLISH by birth and a convert to the Faith, EVA J. ROSS ("Belgian Catholics and the Land") came to America in 1930 to teach sociology and economics at Nazareth College, Michigan, and is now Head of the Department of Sociology and Economics at Albertus Magnus College, New Haven. Miss Ross is the author of *A Survey of Sociology*, now in its fourth edition, and of *Rudiments of Sociology*. Her present article is well documented as she made a special study in Belgium of agricultural coöperatives during the summers of 1933 and 1935.

WE are glad to welcome back VERA MARIE TRACY to our pages after a regrettable silence occasioned by ill health. "Green Moonlight" proves her an artist in another *genre* than that in which she has already gained such signal success. It is the first of a number of tales concerning Crannybeg, all of which are to be collected into a book one of these days. The Bruce Publishing Company is bringing out another volume of Miss Tracy's magazine stories in December in time for Christmas stockings.

IT is a question whether CHRISTINE WHITING (MRS. KENNETH R.) PARMENTER's very human "How to be Happy Though Deaf" will be more valuable to those who hear or to those who do not. Incidentally it gives us illuminating glimpses of the family each of whom, mother, father and daughter, we number among our contributors.

MARRIAGE into a family descended from Hudson Bay Company people at first stimulated MARGARET ARNETT (MRS. A. N.) MACLEOD's interest in historical research, but of late the fascination of the early history of the West has proved irresistible and she has "*simply* had to write about it." Hence "The Frozen Priest of Pembina." Mrs. MacLeod lives in Winnipeg, Man., and for the past two years has been engaged in research work for Dr. Raymond R. Willoughby of the Department of Psychology at Clark University. She is a contributor to Western magazines.

THERE is always much food for thought in the essays which MARGARET C. MEAGHER gives us from time to time. "Old Fashions for New" is itself a demonstration of the rich fruits of quiet thought and contemplation. Miss Meagher, who now lives in Richmond, Va., but who for many years was a resident of this city, is a frequent contributor to our Book Review Department and indeed one of our best equipped critics. A series of lectures on the Liturgy which she gave to the Catholic Woman's Club of Richmond last year was most enthusiastically received.

IN the Ball and the Cross Department of our September number CAROL COWARD wrote on "The True Spirit of Craftsmanship." Now, in "Craftsmen of Other Days" she treats the more practical, workaday side of the same subject. A skilled

craftsman herself, Miss Coward's talents are becoming widely recognized and she is busy in her London workshop fashioning crucifixes and statues in the spirit of those about whom she writes. Our readers know her also as a gifted poet.

IF, in all our colleges, we had the kind of criticism that REV. JOSEPH P. CONROY, S.J., gives us in "Shakespeare's Difficulty in Opening Hamlet," it is safe to say that our young folk would come out therefrom with a passion for the classics. Father Conroy has been for many years Spiritual Adviser to the students in various departments of Loyola University in Chicago, and has written for us from time to time.

THOUGH this is her first appearance in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, ELIZABETH JORDAN is too well known as author, editor, playwright and critic to need any introduction from us. Considering her many achievements, it is not to be wondered at that "The Hour," which describes an experience of her own, led her to remark: "What crowded lives we are living when we have not even left ourselves time to mourn our dead!"

ONE of JAMES OWEN TRYON'S ("A Conspiracy of Errors") stories of the law's strange workings or of odd bits in our history, is always interesting. Mr. Tryon is a practicing attorney living in Athens, N. Y., and has the long legal experience of his late uncle, Judge Henry Lacombe of the United States Circuit Court, as well as his own to draw on.

WE present two new poet priests this month: DOM PLACID, O.S.B. ("The Village Bells"), head of the department of English at Belmont Abbey College, a member of the Poetry Society of America, a charter member of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, associate editor of the North Carolina *Poetry Review*, and the recently appointed Poet Laureate of that State. He has done postgraduate work at the University of Notre Dame and at the Catholic University and is now working for his Ph.D. degree at Duke University. REV. RAYMOND O'FLYNN, M.A., is a member of the Catholic Missionary Society of England, who in September celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood. Busy missioner and retreat master, he is also a classical and English scholar, as "What Horace Wrote: What Horace Meant" written for his own amusement in an hour of relaxation, bears witness. Our three other November poets are old friends, ELLEN GILBERT (MRS. JAMES KINNEY) ("A Song of Autumn"), who borrows from the Indians the music of "Moon-of-Falling-Leaves"; MARY IRENE WOODRUFF, teacher by profession and writer by inclination, who in "Lonely" epitomizes the melancholy to which so many fall victim at this season of the year; and KENTON KILMER, who also strikes the pensive note in his haunting "Love and Fear."

New Books

Redirecting Education. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell and Leon H. Keyserling.—A Philosophy of Form. By E. I. Watkin.—The Stars Look Down. By A. J. Cronin.—Prisoner of the OGPU. By George Kitchin.—John Lind of Minnesota. By George M. Stephenson.—Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. By Stefan Zweig.—Black Reconstruction. By W. E. B. Du Bois.—The New Deal and Foreign Trade. By Alonzo E. Taylor.—Back to Work. By Harold L. Ickes.—New Pathways in Science. By Sir Arthur Eddington.—Mirage and Truth. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.—The First Century of American Literature. 1770-1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee.—I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By Stefan Lorant.—Experience. By Desmond MacCarthy.—The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.—Living With Books. By Helen E. Haines.—After Coronado. Translated and edited by Alfred Barnaby Thomas.—Four Independents. By Daniel Sargent.—The King of the Great Clock Tower. By William Butler Yeats.

Redirecting Education. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell and Leon H. Keyserling. New York: Columbia University Press. $6.00.

These two volumes are an attempt to study the approach made by the schools to the social problems of to-day and to determine the social aims that ought to dominate the American school of to-morrow. The study was made by a group of Columbia University professors with a dozen writers reporting the results of their investigations. Since the writing of his share of the work, Professor Tugwell has been named a member of the "Brain Trust" in the rôle of Under-Secretary of Agriculture, so the reader is warned to take his strictures on public policy as written before his appointment. The first volume deals with social problems in the United States and their treatment in our colleges, while the second reviews in more summary fashion educational conditions in several European countries and in Canada, with special regard for the handling of social questions in the schools.

Some of these accounts of education at home and abroad are very interesting, even though they are by no means of equal value. Those dealing with the Folk High Schools of Denmark, the classical traditions of French schools, the mixture of conservatism and Americanism in Canada's school system are especially good. One need not take the writer on Russia seriously when he sees in Christianity a "striking example of the futility of altruism" when confronted by an "immutable human nature" and in the U. S. S. R. a "new step in man's long way toward mastery and wisdom." But it is a strange notion of the social function of education that allows him to grow enthusiastic over the Soviet's "marvelous attempt at putting unified and consistent social objectives in the very center of the entire educational work of a nation." For a nation to wage war on religion and at the same time dream of any real social reconstruction involves a more violent contradiction than the Soviet plan for a classless society when the Marxian principle demands divisions to insure progress.

It is in the first volume, however, that we find the philosophical background for some of the views ex-

pressed. After drawing an interesting sketch of the progress of American education from the days of the frontiersman and the prairie schooner to the time of Eliot and technological studies, Professor Tugwell proceeds to philosophize on his findings. Accepting John Dewey's tenet that knowledge is to be valued as an instrument for accomplishing things rather than as a cultural possession to be esteemed for its own sake, and subscribing to that same philosopher's dictum that "society ought to be a function of education," the author rejects the traditional cultural education in favor of an instrumental technological type designed to turn out a generation of social-minded pupils for a changing world. The trend in American politics from the rugged individualism of pioneer days toward the collectivism of a managed society, he finds paralleled in this shifting of the educational ideal. But the problem remains of welding the residue of cultural training with the vocational into a unity that shall add dignity to the latter and at the same time serve the needs of future society. That the school has thus far failed to turn out graduates trained to a vocation, sound in mind and body, ready to combine experimentalism with discipline, is to be charged to a lack of the proper *milieu* and that lack is to be charged to society. Hence, society must be straightened out. This Professor Tugwell proposes to accomplish through a "managed society" having greater supervision over productive property than was possible under the *laissez faire* policy of the last one hundred and fifty years. In the progressive school of to-morrow we shall see perhaps a million students breathing an atmosphere of controversy, discussing social projects, formulating alternatives and exploring hypotheses—students filled with the modern contempt for the history of past experience and seeking social improvement from a study of the future. The school will be remade and through it the community.

There can be no doubt of the importance of the study of social and economic problems in the college, and a one-sided cultural education that does not prepare and inspire the student to take his part in social regeneration is to be condemned. But it is very doubtful if the means suggested by Professor Tugwell and his associates will turn out classes of social-minded individuals. "If the student," we are told, "is once brought to see the gaps, the lacunæ, the malformations, the maladjustments, the injustices of society as it is, he will have the incentive to help in the building of the future." That statement is true only when the student has grasped the correct principles underlying the social structure and is animated by the proper motives to social action. *Mere knowledge of social conditions is not enough to secure action.* There is need of a clear and broad view of life and of the individual's place in society. Breadth of view is acquired partially through an intelligent study of history, partially through the humane attitude resulting from a cultural education, but above all it requires the firm basis of a knowledge of ethics and deep religious convictions. The "lifting of the incubus of religion" from the schools of America to which Professor Tugwell refers was a very poor service indeed to the cause of social training in our colleges.

M. J. S.

A Philosophy of Form. By E. I. Watkin. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.75.

Mr. Watkin's book is really a study of contemplation. It is presented as a challenge to the current thesis that "we should live rather than think about life, master the world by action, not brood inactively upon its meaning." Active achievement whether individual or social, not founded on contemplation, is doomed to collapse.

This truth suggests how helpful would be a philosophy of contemplation. But contemplation, says Mr. Watkin, "is an intuition of form"; and therefore "a philosophy of contemplation is a philosophy of form." He undertakes then to produce, not indeed a complete philosophy of form, but a series of views which reveal different aspects of the theme under consideration.

It would have helped the reader greatly had the author precisely defined the meaning he attaches to such words as "matter," "spirit," "form," "substance," because the truth, and indeed the intelligibility of his philosophical doctrine depend primarily upon the definition given to these terms. But one is left in the dark with regard to points which are essential to the right interpretation of many passages of the book. Indeed, if we accept the traditional meaning of certain Scholastic terms, we shall be forced either to disagree with the author or to abandon all hope of discovering what he means.

Mr. Watkin's intellectual position is a matter of general knowledge in the philosophical world. He looks upon the *philosophia perennis* as valid, adequate and abiding, but is no slavish follower of any master, whatever his genius. He is inclined to believe that not Aristotle alone, but also Socrates, not only Thomas Aquinas, but also Plotinus, Augustine, Boethius, Scotus Erigena, Anselm, Bonaventure, as well as Professor Wust and Professor Lossky and all other exponents of the Platonic-Aristotelian metaphysical position are to be levied upon; and he thinks that, particularly in his epistemology, St. Thomas was rather too much an Aristotelian. Hegel, too, he thanks for a valuable contribution to the treasury of metaphysical truth.

None but serious readers could be expected to enjoy Mr. Watkin's *Bow in the Clouds* and his earlier *The Philosophy of Mysticism*. Let there be no mistake about the fact that they will find the present book even harder going. But let there be no mistake either about the fact that here, as in the preceding volumes, we have a rich combination of speculative thought and pure religion, the one sincere, profound, and wide of range, the other enlightened, supernatural and, in the best sense, mystical. Readers come upon few such publications in a lifetime. That is quite as it should be, no doubt, for as has been indicated above, long hours of patient thought will be required to extract the essence of a book like this. But those who read with an adequate intellectual preparation and a proper zeal for the pursuit of holiness will quite surely have their efforts well repaid.

J. McS.

The Stars Look Down. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

There is not a page of the 626 in this fourth novel by Dr. Cronin that is not replete with interest, nor that one would care to skip. It concerns

the clash between capital and labor, but it goes deeper and attacks the problem of the struggle between selflessness and greed in man regardless of his environment. Dr. Cronin handles his theme fearlessly and ably. He shows us an English mining town over a period of thirty years, as it is stirred by strikes, lockouts, the Great War and the era of profiteers. He depicts much suffering and deep sorrow, and some of his scenes are strong in horror. The book is crowded with characters, each drawn with consummate skill, and the threads of their lives are so artfully interwoven that the finished work is a satisfactory and durable fabric.

There are three pivotal points: Robert Fenwick, the miner, whom Dr. Cronin has endowed with all the courage, dignity and nobility of the ideal toiler; and his son David inheritor of some of his father's fine qualities, who supplements his early pit background with a higher education and approaches a place midway between capital and labor. Opposed to them is the Barras family, mine owners, of whom Richard, the father, typifies the avaricious, suave and cruel capitalist, while his son Arthur combines all that cultural background and education have given him with the sympathy of an altruistic nature and the understanding drawn from an apprenticeship in the pit, so that he, too, approaches that midway place, but from the other side. Neither he nor David is able to solve the difficulties nor avert the sufferings of the situation and the third point of emphasis may give a clue to their failure. Joe Gowlan, shrewd, handsome, unscrupulous mischiefmaker, exploiter and profiteer, rises from pitboy to millionaire; he represents selfishness and dishonesty, the core of the trouble, and Cronin makes him personally responsible for much of the agony endured by the other characters. From the viewpoint of pure art, the author has been particularly successful with his female characters, and one after the other stands out as a little masterpiece of modeling.

Dr. Cronin sees with a sharp eye the evils of the situation existing in the present social order; he sees and diagnoses but does not prescribe. His amazing ability to sympathize dispassionately, as it were—to be at once cognizant and aloof, to keep a sense of the relationship between man and the universe, runs through the whole book and gives it its significant title, **The Stars Look Down**, as if he would remind us that in times like these one needs to look to the heavens to be saved from despair. C. A.

Prisoner of the OGPU. By George Kitchin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00.

The chief excellence of this book is that it does not exaggerate the horrors of convict life in the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics. Mr. Kitchin spent four years in the prison camps and seems to have remembered the significant details in order and perspective. His facts are those that excite perennial interest: the temperature during winter months in the Arctic, the glint of the sun on an autumn afternoon, the quality of bread and tea rationed out at intervals to half-famished prisoners, methods of petty bribery that flourish among the stern Soviet officials, and the variety of ways in which men die under the lash. Every line of this story is palpitating with life and passion.

The people Mr. Kitchin describes are more than types. They are flesh-and-blood personalities, who suffer, toil, and seek for escape. Some of these figures, like that of the author, appear to be endowed with iron constitutions; in spite of sleepless nights and damp, raw days in the forest they continue to live and even enjoy brief moments of comparative revelry. (A preparatory note to the book announces Mr. Kitchin's recent death, however, an indirect result of the hardships he endured.) But for the most part they are hapless victims of the "tempo" of the Five-Year Plan.

Although becomingly reticent as to intimate details, Mr. Kitchin gives his readers an insight into the existence of the women and girls who have fallen into the hands of the "chekists." The fate of those who yield and of those who resist is alike unenviable.

Attempts at reform on the part of the bureaucrats at Moscow were sporadic, unintelligent and short-lived. As a rule, the "investigator" would forget his instructions over a bottle of vodka, the titbits of luxury a camp in the frozen North could afford. Often enough, sincere complaints about conditions or a candid statement of one's personal convictions were the deadly sins, eliciting nothing but torture and additional penal servitude. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that an election is a farce. Careers are made or unmade in the twinkling of an eye. And favoritism is the touchstone to advancement. This accounts for the kaleidoscopic changes in party and administrative personnel. George Kitchin's narrative is the best explanation that has been published of a form of society where the population is divided into three classes: "those who have been in prison, those who are in servitude, and those who will be cast into duress vile." J. F. T.

John Lind of Minnesota. By George M. Stephenson. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. $4.00.

While the professor of history at the University of Minnesota does his best to write a panegyric of John Lind of Minnesota—teacher, lawyer, congressman, governor, and special agent to Mexico—he lays on the colors with too generous a hand. However, if you read carefully between the lines you will soon discover that his hero "honest John" the self-styled "political orphan" has feet of clay. We admit that he was a clever politician, always with his ear to the ground, and changing his political coat whenever Republicans or Democrats assured him of future advancement.

In 1913 President Wilson sent him to Mexico as his personal representative to act as adviser to the American Embassy in Mexico City. Stephenson calls this an "extraordinary appointment"; a stronger adjective might well be used. For his panegyrist admits that for this mission of unusual delicacy the President sent a man "without diplomatic experience, unfamiliar with the Spanish language, and possessed of only such knowledge of Mexico as could be obtained from general reading." His general reading was not very extensive as he himself declared when called to account for his plagiarism from the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

From the beginning to the end of his Mexican mission he showed himself a bitter anti-Catholic. When called to task by Father Tierney,

the editor of *America*, for his calumny that "popular education, except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal bull for two hundred years," he refused to give his authority for this nonexistent document. The same cowardice was manifested in his false charge against our ambassador in Mexico City, Henry Lane Wilson, whom he had publicly accused of conniving at the murder of Madero.

As a matter of course "this crusader for political righteousness" was a bitter enemy of Alfred Smith in the Smith-Hoover campaign, on the plea that he was a wet and a friend of Raskob. The real reason with him and many of his kind was the fact that Smith was an uncompromising Catholic. B. L. C.

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Edward and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

This book gripped my attention from its first word to its last syllable. Its dramatization of an interesting life kept me spellbound because I knew my author and looked for entertainment from his pages and not for history. His theme is surcharged with controversy. His point of view is that of eminent authorities, but it is one that is rejected by writers of equal erudition. It strikes me that Dr. Zweig should have taken his reader into his confidence and have made some reference to his source material. He prefers, on the contrary, to eschew such niceties and to charm his public by the brilliancy of his writing and by occasionally giving a free rein to his imagination.

There is, however, one aspect of the life of Mary Stuart where two points of view are impossible. She knew how to die as a Catholic and as a Queen. Dr. Zweig has treated her most unkindly throughout the major part of his book. He has pictured her as an adulteress who connived at murder. It seems, at times, as if Elizabeth has a firmer place in his heart than Mary. But when he comes to the end of his narrative he brushes aside the prejudice that has led him to decide all controversial issues against the latter and does justice to the sublimity of her last hours.

Finis coronam opus is a trite Latin saying that is known to all of us. It is recalled by these pages, not only because they show that the author, when dealing with a phase of the life of this unfortunate sovereign which is not subject to controversy, does not hesitate to do her justice, but also because he portrays her heroism in the final test with a deftness of touch and power that are bound to make an indelible impression upon the most cynical of skeptics. P. C.

Black Reconstruction. By W. E. B. Du Bois. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50.

Dr. Du Bois is brilliant; so much so that at times the wizardry of his words almost blinds one. Because he is a passionate—and bitter—pleader for his people, he does not always qualify as an impartial interpreter of facts; but as a scintillating lawyer for the defense he is magnificent. Consequently, it is a delight to find him in the original rôle of Negro historian of the Reconstruction.

Heretofore only one side of that story has been told, and that most frequently with obvious animus against the Negro. The author admits quite candidly that the Negro

deserves his share of blame for some of the excesses of those tumultuous two decades (1860-1880), but he strikes out vigorously—and justly—against the piling of all the blame upon defenseless black backs. He charges that "in propaganda against the Negro since emancipation in this land, we face one of the most stupendous efforts the world ever saw to discredit human beings, an effort involving universities, history, science, social life and religion" (p. 727). And he names names, books, and schools, and includes lengthy quotations and numerous references in support of his thesis.

A short while ago this reviewer listened to Dr. Du Bois state that he had turned to Karl Marx for a possible solution to the Negro problem in this country. Even had he not said so this book would cry out that Marxian philosophy has found fertile soil in the bruised soul of the Doctor. Lest we miss the point, a footnote informs us that "the record of the Negro worker during Reconstruction presents an opportunity to study inductively the Marxian theory of State." He sees the winning of the Civil War as the result of a strike of black labor; he is convinced that "the overthrow of Reconstruction was in essence a revolution inspired by property, and not a race war" (p. 622); he attributes current economic woes to a color caste founded upon a refusal of white labor to make common cause with black labor; and he predicts a coming struggle to replace the caste system with a more ideal democracy under a dictatorship of the proletariat.

One cannot but wish that Dr. Du Bois' philosophy of life shared some of the brilliance of his pen; for it seems that in all his writings he ends on a note of despair, "fighting the battle of all the oppressed and despised humanity of every race and color, against the massed hirelings of religion, science, education, law, and brute force" (p. 708). His cross would not cut so deeply if he walked in the company of Christ instead of that of Marx.

J. T. G.

The New Deal and Foreign Trade. By Alonzo E. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Back to Work. The Story of PWA. By Harold L. Ickes. New York: Same publisher. $2.50.

According to the statement on the jacket, Professor Taylor's book "presents the argument against the New Deal so far as the New Deal is exemplified in the foreign trade policy of Secretary Wallace." However, the "argument" part of the volume is not obtrusive or militant. The main criticisms made by the author are these: the difficulty of automatically adjusting supply to demand in agriculture is not so much greater than in industry as the Secretary assumes; the policies of A. A. A. make little or no provision for the necessary reduction of the farm population; the scheme of bilateral trade treaties is subject to grave limitations and difficulties; the Secretary's "planned middle course" faces almost as many difficulties as do the two extreme courses, nor is it likely to be accomplished; finally, effective planning for any objective is much more difficult than the Secretary seems to believe.

In the Preface, the author disclaims any attempt to offer substitute arrangements for those which he criticizes. Most disclaimers of this sort are subject to the obviously reasonable condemnation that

the critics demand the destruction of an institution without putting anything in its place. Professor Taylor does not come under this condemnation, for he does not call for the discontinuance of Secretary Wallace's policies. He merely points out difficulties and limitations. Therefore, the book is genuinely useful. Not improbably Mr. Wallace would admit that it is friendly and helpful. Not the least valuable portion of it is that which describes the economic facts and conditions which are involved in or have to be met by the Secretary's policies.

Secretary Ickes' book is a straightforward, unadorned description of the origin, purpose and operation of the federal agency which has charge of the immense expenditures of public money to provide employment through the construction of useful public works. In the first chapter we are told about the origin and progress of the movement for public works as a means of meeting the evils of the depression, the enactment of Title II. of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which appropriated $3,300,000,000 for this purpose, and the establishment of the Public Works Administration to carry on the spending of this great sum. The remaining eleven chapters deal with the organization for this enormous task and its operations in the various fields where public works were undertaken. Under the latter head, the main subjects described are road building, dams and power projects, the modernization of transport on both land and sea, facilities for public health services, slum clearance and housing, the kinds and number of men who found employment on the various projects, the labor standards maintained, the principal criticisms directed against the P. W. A. and "The Job Ahead."

One of the most frequent faults found with P. W. A. has been its failure to put all the unemployed at work and end the depression. In reply, Secretary Ickes points out that only $2,500,000,000 were allocated to public works in the two years following August 1, 1933, whereas during the decade ending with 1929 between ten and fifteen billion dollars were spent *annually* for works of the same type as those carried on by P. W. A. Obviously then this criticism is grossly unfair; nevertheless, Secretary Ickes estimates the number of persons directly and indirectly employed on account of public works expenditures as on the average approximately 2,000,000.

On the whole, the story of P. W. A. is a record of which all fair-minded Americans may well feel proud.

J. A. R.

New Pathways in Science. By Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Except for a small book on *The Expanding Universe*, Sir Arthur Eddington has refrained from writing since 1929. His recent volume contains the Messenger Lectures delivered at Cornell University in 1934. Although it discusses most of the main questions in modern physics, it makes no attempt to provide a systematic introduction to modern scientific thought.

Scientific theory, Sir Arthur tells us, has now reached a point where the scientific observer might as well be a person deprived of all his senses except one eye, color blind, with just sufficient vision to detect whether an opaque object is in a certain position or not, and able to

see in only one direction at a time. All our scientific knowledge of the external world, is the knowledge that could be demonstrated to such an observer by his reading of a pointer moving on a graduated scale. Yet, as the author observes, it will not always do to go contrary to popular and unscientific notions which generally have some foundation in truth. For example, when one finds that a motor car is rapidly approaching, even though one may question the scientific accuracy of one's observation, it is wisest to jump out of the way.

Going over ground covered before, Sir Arthur affirms that science is concerned only with the structural features of the external world, not with its essence or nature. Science knows only certain relations of unknown entities; although other kinds of knowledge may be given us by religious and artistic intuitions. It is now recognized that no observation can be conducted without the interchange of at least one quantum of energy and that this is sufficient to disturb an electron to a degree that makes its future behavior not exactly predictable. So the modern Quantum Theory deals with probabilities, not with certainties; and Sir Arthur is quite sure that Determinism has faded out of the scientific picture for good.

The book is not always easy to read, indeed some parts are quite beyond the layman in science. But the refreshing and illuminating pages sufficiently offset the others. On the one hand we are made acutely aware of the difference between ordinary experience and scientific knowledge and, on the other, we see the strict limitations and the impassable barriers which confine the scientific mind—limitations and barriers which the true scientist regards with nice honor as marking the boundaries of his jurisdiction. Outside of them he is no different from the rest of us—with just the average man's chance of attaining a knowledge of reality by nontechnical ways. J. McS.

Mirage and Truth. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

In this his latest book, Father D'Arcy undertakes to set forth certain modern ideals of the nobler type which have been offered as a substitute for orthodox Christianity, and after sympathetic consideration he challenges them with the splendor of Theism and the particular glory which is Christ.

He lays bare the aching desires of the modern soul expressed in such books as *The Fountain* of Charles Morgan and *The Prison* of H. B. Brewster, wherein a longing for personal invulnerability apparently unattainable outside Nirvana, is joined to a thirst for the independent possession of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty whole and entire, and for that very cause inaccessible to the analytical reason. The pseudomysticism which results implies the renunciation of thought, not to say the annihilation of being.

Father D'Arcy shows that only in God can these antinomical desires be synthesized in perfect fulfillment, and that the way is through the crucified Christ: *per crucem ad lucem*. Only by accepting in all humility the penitential humdrum of daily life will man attain to the invulnerability of the immortals, not in annihilation but in the fullness of life. The possession of the Infinite which cannot be acquired by unaided human strength will be gracious-

ly conferred by that God Who is at once absolute Law and concrete personal Love.

The merit of the book lies in its sympathetic approach to the mind of a certain type of non-Catholic. The type may be rare, but none the less it requires to be specially catered to. The author speaks the language of the small cultured audience which he addresses. His arguments are largely Thomistic but they are dressed in a wealth of literary and philosophic allusion, stiff with the gold cloth of metaphor which hides their simple contour and will allow them to pass in donnish circles. The style is not restful but nervous and uneven, yet at points it reaches the level of poetic beauty. It is to be hoped that through the book those who prefer to have their white light broken up into prismatic colors may see the Truth of God. L. L. K.

The First Century of American Literature. 1770-1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.50.

With this discriminating and original study Professor Pattee brings to a close the ambitious survey of our American letters which he began in his *History of American Literature since 1870* and continued in his *New American Literature*. Two questions will at once occur to the reader of the volume under review: Is Professor Pattee justified in designating that century, roughly covering the years between the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, as the first century in our literature—thus ignoring the entire Colonial period? And what advantage has he gained by leaving the completion of the first volume in the sequence until the last?

He insists that only an independent nation can produce a real literature—a nation composed of "people with hope and vision and enthusiasm." The Colonial period may suggest roots and influences, he argues; but "to grub among the printed rubbish" of those somber days will only prove that "it produced no writings for the anthology that contains only our own." It would, of course, be difficult for even the most purblind admirer of Puritanism to gainsay the truth of this, or to deny that Professor Pattee has achieved a certain triumph by giving us a book that gets us into the middle of the stream without the usual dipping into the turgid depths of its beginnings.

And Professor Pattee knows how to make the stream flow: he believes that American literature has been "an emanation from American life and American conditions." With his critical eye on the American *people* rather than on history, he manages to offer much material seldom found in such studies: shrewd snippets that make such bugbears as Freneau and Brown really live; information on the review and periodical that is fascinating; an incisive chapter on the literary influence of early New York; a section on the rise of Romanticism which again postulates Sydney Smith's famous question and at the same time answers it with a series of admirably integrated and effective chapters on our Romantic writers. And yet, the virtues achieved —the color of detail, interest, sense of comparative proximity—by ignoring our Colonial beginnings, occasionally become defects. Seen in the light of Puritanism, for example, the Transcendental Movement takes on a significance which Professor

Pattee does not succeed in making us see; and Longfellow's becoming a "poet of the night" would suggest richer contrast than is here offered.

By writing the first volume of his survey last, however, Professor Pattee does achieve perspective—a perspective that could be suggested fully only by an outline of his concluding chapter. Taken together, his three volumes dwarf the significance of such biased studies as those by Angoff, Hicks, Calverton, Macy, *et alii*. Only Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* remains decidedly superior: and it remains so because it satisfactorily recognizes the beginnings of the stream.

C. McC.

I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By Stefan Lorant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

This extraordinary document of the Hitler régime clamors for attention. It is a diary kept by a born journalist on such scraps of paper as he could lay hands on and smuggled out of prison by incredible luck. A Hungarian, Stefan Lorant, was editor of the famous Catholic non-political weekly, *Muenchner Illustrierte Presse*, one of the most powerful papers in Germany before Hitler's rise. After the Nazi ascendancy, he was suddenly arrested, imprisoned and mistreated for six months. He had no real hearing, no trial, nor could he discover any charge that had been laid against him. He was informed that he was being held for his own protection, with the implication that his actions had in some way aroused public indignation. Apparently the real reason was the government's desire to control his publication and those of his colleagues, most of whom were one by one brought to the same prison. They had as little knowledge as he of the cause of their detention. Some of them seem to have been arrested merely at the suggestion of personal or business enemies. Many of them were horribly beaten, crippled or put to death; all suffered mental or physical torment.

Mr. Lorant's vivid description of the prison life reminds us of the fantastic days of the French Revolution. He gives a most valuable first-hand report, emphasizing the senselessness and lack of direction in the Hitler rule of 1933. He brings out the fact that fewer than one in ten political prisoners were Semitic; the rest, for the most part, were Catholics, and he says the real fight is against them.

C. A.

Experience. By Desmond MacCarthy. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.50.

The Poet as Citizen and other Papers. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

These two volumes are bracketed because they consist of essays; aside from that they have little in common.

Desmond MacCarthy touches on a wide variety of subjects: "Crowd-Psychology," "Obscenity and the Law," "August 14, 1914," "Popular Writers," "Highbrows," "Cats." None of the essays is lengthy, most are brief, a few consist of a single paragraph. One of the best of the latter concerns Henley as critic; another, equally good, contemporary poetry.

Mr. MacCarthy's most charming essays remind one of Agnes Repplier's. True, his humor is more mellow and less mordant than hers and his charm is Celtic rather than Gallic. But like her he is intimate with

a world of books, his thoughts are set a-flow by some casual observation met in his reading, and his well-stocked memory provides him with delightful instances to support, temper, or even challenge, his own point of view. His familiar essays are full of e c h o e s and reminders: "Eton" recalls Lamb's "Christ's Hospital"; "Good Talk," Stevenson's brilliant "Talk and Talkers"; "Boxing," Hazlitt's vigorous "The Fight." But Mr. MacCarthy is no sedulous ape: he writes with grace, point, and charm, and his thoughts are his own.

Quiller-Couch's volume consists of lectures and essays in criticism. All are thoughtful and reveal a full mind, a large wisdom, a penetrating humor, and a refreshing common sense. "Q," as he once was known to a romance-loving public, has won distinction in m a n y fields and learned by personal experience much about the art, the philosophy, and the great traditions of literature. It is this knowledge, coupled with his fine taste, which explains his value as a critic.

In the present volume not only Sir Arthur's major interest but his most penetrating observations concern poetry. Like Matthew Arnold he holds it high. The genuinely great poet, he says, rising superior to self, performs a unique and invaluable duty as a citizen: He awakens "his less sensitive fellows to an apprehension of the harmony beyond and yet within them, he helps them to build the city of their habitation that it may be not only a 'dear City of the Cecrops' but a 'dear City of Zeus.'"

Quiller-Couch has his faults. He tends to be as discursive as De Quincey and as wordy as Saintsbury in his latter days, for he has amassed as they did much "curious and forgotten lore" and is unable to resist the temptation to employ it. But when he protests against such follies as the egotism now in fashion in literature, and when he objects to "the almost universal tendency of such writers as this generation has taken seriously to choose unheroic themes, sordid environments, and characters to be dangled as marionettes from aloft and condescendingly explained t h r o u g h commentary" we forget his weaknesses and applaud his wisdom.

J. J. R.

Living With Books. By Helen E. Haines. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.00.

Addressed to librarians, teachers of English, and study groups, this volume is both informative and absurdly platitudinous. A frequent use of a certain professional jargon, combined with a conspicuous lack of humor on the part of the author, results in much of the absurdity; while her summary of serviceable book aids makes the study informative—but stimulating, it seems to me, to students rather than librarians themselves who must already have received most of this information from their library training.

The author insists that the librarian eliminate all "moral rigidity" in evaluating her book purchases because "narrow dogmas of 'moral judgment' are responsible for our librarians' 'limitations as booklovers.'" Be it added that Helen Haines's opening plea for wider reading will give most readers the same temperature that Crane got from reading *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. When she speaks of the history of printing, the format of books, source materials, and bibli-

ography, she is always interesting. But in those larger sections of her manual in which she essays instructions for library reviewers she might be more encouragingly sound. (Thus, she commends two of our weeklies because they have "been strong influences in the break-up of tradition and the application of modern ideas to creative expression.") And when she offers "a survey in broad synthesis of the leading classes of literature" I can only feel that she offers too much survey and too little synthesis.

The lists of books at the end of the chapters are good, though too incomplete to satisfy any but the purblind admirer of "outlines of knowledge." And I must call attention, in her list on "Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion," to the egregious omission of many of the better known Scholastic philosophers. In brief, the volume is too ill-defined in purpose to give any of the higher satisfactions that can be gained from living with books. C. McC.

After Coronado. Translated and edited by Alfred Barnaby Thomas. Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press. $3.50.

Being in nearly every instance repercussions of simultaneous European conflicts, the intercolonial wars in what is to-day the United States were fought not only east but also west of the Mississippi River, not only along our Canadian border between England and France but also along our southern border, in the so-called Spanish borderlands, between Spain, England, and France.

The present volume is a distinct and important contribution to the study of the beginnings of the conflict between Spain and France west of the Mississippi. In Part One the author presents an "Historical Introduction" (pp. 1-49) to the collection of "Documents Relating to the Northeastern Frontier of New Mexico, 1696-1727" (pp. 53-260), translated by Dr. Thomas from the Spanish and embodied in Part Two of the volume. There are valuable "Editorial Notes" to the Documents, an extensive "Bibliography" (pp. 285-291) of manuscript and printed materials, and a very serviceable "Index."

The interest of the French in the trans-Mississippi West and their plan to establish a line of communication between the Illinois country and the Gulf of California, then known as the Vermillion Sea (*Mar Vermejo*), was a direct result of the Jolliet expedition to and down the Mississippi River in 1673. A few years later in northern Sonora (Mexico) the Jesuit missionary Eusebio Kino proposed the feasibility of communication with Canada through the Moqui country in northeastern Arizona. News of Jolliet's 1673 enterprise and of the resultant plan of the French, reached the Spaniards after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 in New Mexico and gave strong impetus to their efforts towards reconquering and reoccupying the Pueblo country. Having achieved this in 1696, the Spaniards immediately took steps to drive back the encroaching French. It is the story of these repressive measures against the French which Dr. Thomas relates in his "Historical Introduction" and on which the Documents he publishes have direct bearing.

In a manner that evinces tireless research and sound historical scholarship the author sketches the five Spanish expeditions that between 1696 and 1720 set out from New

Mexico for unexplored regions to the North and East. In the final portion of his study he shows how between 1720 and 1727 the officials in New Mexico urged the occupation of lands to the Northeast and how this project was dismissed on the recommendation of Rivera. In addition to a masterly command of the available sources, Dr. Thomas manifests also a fine sense of appreciation. Thus he recognizes in the treatment accorded the renegade Picuries Indians "a striking evidence of kindness and sacrifice, so infrequently attributed to Spaniards in behalf of their subject people" (p. 22). Similarly, against writers of our history who "have left a two-and-a-half-century gap in plains exploration between Coronado and Pike" he holds that "Pike was not a pioneer explorer. In the vanguard of the Anglo-American movement, he entered areas already crisscrossed and named by the successors of Coronado" (p. 1).

Scholarly studies of this kind and the publication of the pertinent documents deserve high commendation. With them as preliminary basic sources it will in time be possible to write a complete and correct account of Spain's enterprises along our southern border.

F. B. S.

Four Independents. By Daniel Sargent. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.00.

"A man must march to the music that he hears be it ever so strange or far away," said a famous independent, Henry Thoreau. The four men chosen here to illustrate the virtues of being one's self, gave heed all their lives to Thoreau's admonition, though the mystic rhythms they obeyed often threw them out of step with their fellowmen. It is well to demonstrate the preciousness of personality to an age concerned chiefly with conformity and machines. Without trying to appear original, Mr. Sargent achieves a very personal point of view, bringing to his interpretations the spontaneity and imaginative style that characterize his work. Two only of his subjects were actual converts, the American philosopher, Orestes Brownson, and the English Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins. The French poets, Charles Péguy and Paul Claudel returned to the Faith after a lapse into unbelief, thus helping to prove the fallacy of Sainte-Beuve's judgment that in the modern world great souls rarely make a return upon themselves.

The author finds in the independence of Péguy a subconscious wish to keep step with the pious teachings of his peasant grandmother, instead of falling in with the tempo of groups and cliques. It was only in death at the Marne, 1914, that Péguy at last fell into step. The author has included a few translations of the poems of this exquisite lyrist and masterly epic poet. Paul Claudel, former ambassador to Washington, and regarded by some critics as the greatest living poet, spent thirteen years in the French diplomatic service in China, years of meditation, of study, of spiritual wrestling, and final emancipation into the liberty "of being, of knowing, of worshipping." Mr. Sargent calls him a Catholic rebel, but not a rebel Catholic. Those who have followed the discussions of the life and work of Gerard Hopkins, will welcome Mr. Sargent's commentary on the seven years of Jesuit silence so lamented in the secular press. "Very fortunate that Hopkins was silent," writes the author, for it gave him "a

chance to lose the effeminate mannerisms of contemporary poets, and stored his mind with images and thoughts."

On a lower terrace of Riverside Drive, New York City, stands a brownstone bust of Orestes Augustus Brownson. The leonine physiognomy expresses something of the strength of the man, his four-square attitude toward the hostile, challenging world of his day, his contempt for minimizing and compromise. Mr. Sargent discloses a stern, necessitous New England childhood, a terribly earnest youth and manhood in search of a religion to house his spirit. Brownson passed from Calvinism, then breaking up as the Standing Order, through Presbyterianism, Universalism, Humanitarianism, Unitarianism, into the portals of the Catholic Church. His first act as a convert was to found a review, *Brownson's Quarterly*. Mr. Sargent sums up his services to the Catholic press in America in one word, "emancipation." He found it in chains and struck off its fetters. When his *Review* passed out in 1864, Father Hecker lifted high the torch in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Brownson's vigorous, sinewy prose is held as unequaled save by that of Dean Swift. M. C. M.

The King of the Great Clock Tower. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In one of his later volumes of verse Mr. Yeats has perfectly described his own literary career:

"I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song let them take it,
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked."

He is still striding along in arrogant nakedness, austere in distinction and irony. There could be no two poets much less alike than the one who wrote "Inisfree" and the author of the present volume. The marvel is that each of the two Yeatses should have created a mode, and should have been beyond successful imitation. There are those who try to copy the later Yeats, but they get only his mannerisms.

Mr. Yeats can afford to tell the amusing story he recounts in his preface to the present work because he knows very well that what he is offering us is good. Though it is the work of a man whose power has naturally begun to decline, he can still achieve such passionate lines as:

"I cannot face that emblem of the moon,
Nor eyelids that the unmixed heavens dart,
Nor stand upon my feet, so great a fright
Descends upon my savage, sunlit heart.
What can she lack whose emblem is the moon?"

or

"Can someone there
Recall the Cretan barb that pierced a star?"

or the superb sonnet on Mount Meru which (as he tells us) is the only poem in the book that came spontaneously. It may be noted, however, that the volume contains only a brief play in the Japanese manner

and a handful of lyrics, and that the prose comments take up about half its space. But Yeats' prose is here, as elsewhere, almost as good as his verse. It would be too much to expect that the old abundance will return, though that is not impossible. What remains is the old distinction, the noble integrity. And it is this that makes Mr. Yeats the greatest of poets now writing. As if with the intention of replying to those who have complained of his too subtle intellectuality, he writes (and the lines might almost be used as his epitaph):

"God guard me from those thoughts
men think
In the mind alone,
He that sings a lasting song
Thinks in a marrow bone."

T. M.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, N. Y.; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Thaddeus G.) Armstrong, artist and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

C. McC.: Camille McCole, writer and critic; Professor of English, St. John's University, Brooklyn; lecturer at Notre Dame College, Staten Island, and at Hunter College, New York, N. Y.

F. B. S.: Rev. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; member of the Editorial Board of the *Catholic Historical Review*; author of *The Jolliet-Marquette Expedition of 1673, History of the Catholic Church in Texas*, etc.

J. A. R.: Right Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology and Industrial Ethics, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.: Director of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.; author of *A Living Wage, A Better Economic Order*, etc.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; associate editor of *Thought* for the Department of International Relations, and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York, N. Y.; author of *Newman as a Man of Letters, Dear Prue's Husband and Other People*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, N. Y.; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

J. T. G.: Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D., editor of *The Colored Harvest*, Baltimore, Md.; author of *The Catholic Church and the Negro*, etc.

L. L. K.: Mother L. L. Keyes, R.S.C.J., B.A., B.Litt. (Oxon.), Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Warden of the Class of 1937, Manhattanville College, New York, N. Y.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

M. J. S.: Rev. Martin J. Smith, S.J., Ph.D., of the Faculty of the Department of Education of the Graduate School, Fordham University, New York, N. Y.

P. C.: Pierre Crabités, M.A., LL.B., member of the bar of Louisiana; American Judge, Mixed Tribunal, Cairo, Egypt; author of *Gordon, Benes: Statesmen of Central Europe*, etc.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, Preface to Poetry*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:
The Science and Art of Speech. By Charles Robert Walsh. $2.00.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
The Right Thing. By William O. Stevens. $1.50. *The Best Plays of 1934-35 and the Year Book of the Drama in America.* Edited by Burns Mantle. $3.00. *The Scandal of Father Brown.* By G. K. Chesterton. $2.00.

FARRAR & RINEHART, New York:
The Wish Child. By Ina Seidel. Translated by G. D. Gribble. $2.75. *A Poetry Primer.* By Gerald Sanders. 50 cents.

A. L. GLASER & Co., New York:
Charm Never Fails. By Antoinette Donnelly. $1.00.

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